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BENACHIE.

"I'll seek bauld Benachie's proud pow,
Grey king of common hill's."

Thom.

The Aberdeenshire Lintie

BEING A

Collection of Poems and Songs

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS CONNECTED WITH ABERDEENSHIRE

WITH

Biographical Notes

The lav'rock may soar till he's lost in the sky,
Yet the modest wee lintie that sings from the tree,
Although he aspire not to regions so high,
His song is as sweet as the lav'rock's to me.

Tannahill.

SECOND EDITION

Aberdeen: William Smith & Sons
The Bon-Accord Press
1909

ABERDEEN
PRINTED BY WILLIAM SMITH & SONS
THE BON-ACCORD PRESS
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X2

TO

ALL THOSE TO WHOM ABERDEENSHIRE

AND THE SWEET SCOTTISH TONGUE

ARE DEAR,

THOUGH IT BE BUT AS MEMORIES

OF HOME.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

DURING the last half-score years, few districts have been so prolific in the development of the poetic character as Aberdeenshire. To trace this effect to its legitimate cause is not the object of these prefatory remarks. Heath-clad mountains and murmuring streams are all very fine in their way for those who have time and opportunity to climb the heathery steeps of the one, or repose under the fragrant boughs on the banks of the other; and while they may, in a great measure, tend to nurture the "divine germ," yet there is much silly, sickly affectation whispered about, regarding them. Nine-tenths of those who have produced anything deserving the name of poetry, in this quarter at least, belong to that class of the community whose opportunities of studying the beauties of nature are limited by the sterner realities of active life. That such "hill and dale" culture is, to a great extent, unnecessary to foster the rising flame, is abundantly testified by the many remarkable poems recently brought before the public.

The Compiler, though perfectly aware of the fact that many of the pieces introduced in this collection have little claim to the grand or the sublime, is yet satisfied that they contain much posterity would be very loath to let perish, while others again will ever hold a high place in the literature of our country.

In addition to a selection from various existing publications already stamped with public approval, there is inter-

spersed throughout the following pages a number of pieces hitherto unknown to the public, which the Compiler humbly trusts will give the volume an air of originality; and, in conclusion, he would beg to remark, that it is with no mercenary motive he has undertaken the publication of "The Lintie," but solely for the purpose of supplying a felt want,—a neat and popular collection, of the life and soul of the poetry of those who have advanced our local literature. Impressed with the conviction that he has nowhere offended modesty and good sense, the Compiler places "The Lintie" in the hands of the public, trusting that it may serve both for instruction and amusement, and that many hearts may beat lighter and feel an increase of happiness from its perusal.

To the Authors who were consulted concerning this little volume, the Compiler returns his thanks for the frank and ready permission accorded for the publication of their Poems.

1854.

PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

ALMOST from the first moment of its appearance, nearly fifty-five years ago, suggestions were made for the issue of a second edition of "The Aberdeenshire Lintie." It is true that this was mainly on the score that the Collection was not representative enough of the Aberdeenshire muse. The Compiler was blamed for omitting any examples of the work of John Imlah (the author of "O, gin I were where Gaudie rins"), and of other local bards. Fault was also found with it on account of its lack of biographical notices. Notwithstanding these two admitted shortcomings, "The Lintie" has, for the whole period of its existence, enjoyed the reputation of containing, within its small compass, some rare gems of Scottish song which might otherwise have been lost or forgotten.

For many years the volume has been scarce, and any copy coming into the market has been eagerly competed for. It is certain that comparatively few can, at the present time, be fortunate enough to possess it, and now and again the idea of issuing a new edition has presented itself to one or other of our local printers as worthy of consideration. Indeed, it is said that its reprinting was actually at one time commenced. Be that as it may, it is only now that this child of other days has a prospect of beginning a new life

amongst the descendants of those who gave it so hearty a welcome half a century ago.

The idea of making good, in this edition, what are considered the deficiencies of the former one, has engaged the anxious attention of those responsible for the present issue. Not only did the inclusion of some of Imlah's best songs offer an almost overwhelming temptation, but the idea of adding also some further specimens from the muse of former contributors, such, for instance as, "Ye dinna ken yon bower," and "Whisper Low," by William Thom; Still's "Glen o' the West" and "Peggie Munro," to say nothing of Carnie's "Sweet Cammas o' May" and "Hirpletillim," had much to commend it. But such a publication, though perhaps an improved, or rather an enriched, form of, would not have been "The Aberdeenshire Lintie" which had held so long a high place in the public estimation. It seemed wise, therefore, to consider that "The Aberdeenshire Lintie" had fortified its title—according to legal phraseology—"by prescription," and that nothing could now justify its ejection by a new-comer.

An attempt has, however, been made—it could scarcely have been dispensed with, now that most of the contributors are dead and hardly remembered by the present generation—to present in a set of notes the chief features of their lives. These are what they pretend to be, notes merely, intended to satisfy briefly the natural curiosity of any one regarding the author of a poem in which he may be interested. It is only necessary to add that the material for these notes has been culled from many sources. In them newspaper

notices are summarised, and the brief records of relatives and friends have been drawn upon. In the case of William Thom, Skinner's Memoirs, prefixed to the edition of his poems published by Gardner, Paisley, have been followed. But, above all, Mr. Walker's "Bards of Bon-Accord" has supplied not only many of the facts stated in the Notes, but has, on account of the excellent taste and sound judgment of its criticisms, proved an assistance in their preparation, which, coupled with his generous encouragement to make the fullest use of his valuable work, leave any acknowledgment, however sincerely expressed, to convey a very inadequate idea of the benefit received.

One word is due to those who will read "The Lintie" for the first time in this edition. It is in all essential respects a reproduction of "The Aberdeenshire Lintie" as it appeared in 1854, all the poems having been included with the notes thereto as appearing in that edition, the original arrangement having been preserved. This Preface, the Biographical Notes, the Illustrations and the Table of Contents are all the new matter. As might be expected from such a compilation, the poems are of varying degrees of merit. It may be justly said, however, of the Collection as a whole, that it is remarkable for its high standard of excellence, and that it contains many pieces which are lyrical gems and ought not to be forgotten, especially in that Northern County which gave them birth.

MARY G. RAMSAY.

ABERDEEN, *1st May*, 1909.

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1. Benachie, (*frontispiece*), from a photograph by Mr. Robert Brown, Inverurie.
2. The Meeting of Gadie and Ury, from a photograph by Mr. Brown.
3. Cardin's Brig, from a photograph by Mr. Brown.
4. Shiprow, Aberdeen 1840, from the picture by the late Mr. James Sim, artist.
5. Hardgate, Aberdeen, from the picture by Mr. Alex. C. Fraser, in the possession of Mr. David Gray, Aberdeen.
6. The Green, Aberdeen.

The Aberdeenshire Lintie.

MY MITHER TONGUE.

My feeble harp, come forth ance mair—
  Thy tones, though weak and tame,
May haply please the peasant's ear,
  Wha lo'es nae lofty theme.

Come forth, my harp, although thy chords
  By artless hands are strung,
I yet maun hae anither lilt
  In thee, my mither tongue.

There's some may glint wi' scornfu' e'e
  On Scotia's couthie strains,
That well and wimple frae the hearts
  O' tunefu' rustic swains.

Though Southern lays in numbers sweet
  Aft in my ears hae rung,
Gie me those strains our bards hae thrumm'd
  In thee, my mither tongue.

O! lives there ane 'mang Scotia's sons,
  In cot or lordly ha',
Around wha's heart sweet Robbie's strains
  Nae saft emotions draw.

O no! there's nane but lo'es to hear
His strains—a world has sung
Those deathless lays his genius link'd
To thee, my mither tongue.

Auld Scotia's lyre is silent now—
Nae mair its tones impart
A thrilling gush o' rapturous bliss
Around ilk Scottish heart.

By classic Doon it hangs fu' mute,
Its gowden chords unstrung,
That erst a fadeless halo shed
Round thee, my mither tongue.

The Saxon tongue usurps the land
Whar thrissels wag their pow—
The Saxon's harp is loudly rees'd
Whar harebells wildly grow.

O! wad some minstrel snatch the lyre
That lang sae mute has hung,
An' cheer our hearts wi' hamely strains
In thee, my mither tongue.

Stoneywood, 1853. G. GIBB.

RANGE NOT THE WORLD FOR JOYS TO ME.

RANGE not the world for joys to me,
Nor seek where fancy loves to dwell—
'Tis with the heart my thoughts would be,
Whose music breaks at some wild spell.
And there are tones which still retain
A charm, lost pleasures to impart—
The songs that wake to life again
Dreams fondly buried in the heart.

Oh! there are unremembered hours,
Ne'er lost within our breasts that lie,
Which start to gaze on pathway flowers,
Or list to strange notes passing by;
And never is their music vain,
Though formed by simple Nature's art—
The song that wakes to life again
Dreams fondly buried in the heart.

They tell of young love's blushing days,
Of trystings sweet as joys of heaven,
Of hoped-for hours and long delays,
When love more true than vows was given;
Nor is their aught that may retain
The sweets those joys could once impart,
Like songs that wake to life again
Dreams fondly buried in the heart.

A. Wilson.

OUR AULD GATE-EN'.

Ah! min, I think I ken *your* face, that, when ye was a loun,
Ye used to rant and play yoursel' at our en' o' the toun;
Ye used to row your gird wi' us, as noisome as a caird,
Or play at "Burry" o'er the logs in Francie Duncan's yard;
Or at the "Hammer and the Block" deal mony a sturdy blow,
Or "Eettie ottie for a tottie, where shall this boy go"?
Ah! min, ye're sadly changed sinsyne; but a'thing's changed I ken,
And naething's suffered greater change than has our Aul' Gate-en'.

You min' how we had used to run wi' mony a gleesome turn'
And try an eager race wi' corks a-down the Maut-mill Burn,

And when some luckless little ship amang the mud wad sit,
How we wad strive to free't at risk o' mony a dreepin' fit,
Or play about the grassy banks—the grassy banks, ah! me—
Whaur now's the burn wi' grassy banks about the toun you'll see?
The Maut-mill Burn's a' covered up, its course ye wadna ken,
And a'thing's turned heels-o'er-heads about our Aul' Gate-en'.

And, O! sic joyous fun we had in sunny days o' June,
When we wad aff to wade the tide when skweels came out at noon;
Or on the Inches rant and sport on ilka verdant spot,
Or fish for bandies, arnites, eels, in ilka wee bit pot,
Or gather wild sea-daisies wi' their pinky blossoms gay,
Or quickly strip and douk oursel's a dozen times a-day.
We heard the auld folks crack o' care—a thing we didna ken,
There was nae care 'mang louns, at least wha dwelt at our Gate-en'.

And duly aye when Friday cam', and brought the Friday penny,
How we wad aff to buy our bools or taps frae Johnnie Mennie;
Or if the gardeners at the Green displayed their tempting ware,
It aft was mair than heart or wame o' hungry loun could bear;
The white and sappy neepies—they were as sweet as ony nit,
And Geordie Deary's grozers—O! I think I taste them yet.
Or, if the dainty palate sought some sharper taste to pree,
Than Jeanie Milne's sweet ginger rock, say what could richer be?
Her justice, too, to boyish sense, wad settle a' debate—
A bawbee's worth wi' Jeanie Milne, was just a bawbee's weight.
They say that a'thing's better grown—the *smachry* needs to men',
Before it hae the *gusto* that it had at our Gate-en'.

Ah! min, it made me young again, and full o' days o' yore,
As just the other night I passed the weel-kent "cellar door."
The "cellar door," ye doubtless min', was aye the meeting-
place,
The starting-point o' ilka game—the goal o' ilka race;
The place o' mony a hearty laugh—the scene o' mony a
row—
The *hail* of "shinty" and the *dell* at "hunty" and "kee-how."
It looks deserted now, and sad; it has nae boisterous corps,
Ready for ony devilry, and rife for ony splore.
My inmost heart cries out, "O! where is now its wanton
train?—
Stir I one heart amang the corps wi' this auld-farrant strain?"
O! if I do, I'm sure it leaps wi' youthfu' bound again,
To think upon the joyous games and rants o' our Gate-en'.

W. CADENHEAD.

The Author's "Gate-en'," as is indicated, was the Poynernook, but it is hoped that the poem, with the exception of the allusion to certain personages and localities, is equally illustrative of any "gate-en'" in the town. The games mentioned must be familiar to every Aberdonian, although one of them, viz., the cork races in the Maut-mill Burn, is now an impossibility. The Author can remember, however, since this stream leapt in a foaming cascade from Union Street to the Green, and then ran in an almost entirely uncovered course—at one spot among beautiful flowering hawthorns—to the tide. Geordie Deary, the gardener, and Jeanie Milne, the confectioner, must still be in the recollection of many. The former, a hale old man who must in his younger days have been almost a Titan, with his knee-breeches, broad bonnet, and blue apron—had his stand near the old well in the Green; the latter had her *shoppie* in part of the premises now occupied by Mr. George Donald, painter, Netherkirkgate, and besides being a confectioner, was a little bit of an artist in her way, and had her walls decorated with a great many paintings in oil of her own production. She must have been somewhat of a Jacobite, for, if we recollect rightly, she had several representations of the young Chevalier, with his white cockade and breast-knot, among her pictures. The author is not much

TRADES' SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

AIR—"Nae luck aboot the house."

O! MUSE, ascend the forked mount,
On lofty pinions soar,
Assist my strains, while I recount
The deeds o' days o' yore.
An' you, my school companions, join,
Mak' a' the ha' to ring;
The blythesome days o' "auld langsyne"
In raptures let us sing.
O! join the joyfu' sang wi' glee,
Ye surely a' maun feel,
How light our hearts did loup whan we
Were laddies at the skweel.

How pleasant were our boyish days,
We ken'd nae woe nor care,
Except the washin' o' our face,
An' kamin' o' our hair.
Or sometimes, when we raised a row,
Or did our tasks neglect,
We marked the maister's stormy brow,
And pandies did expect.
O! join the joyfu' sang, etc.

---

in the way of indulging in *rock* now, but if he could obtain that condiment of the same quality which Jeanie Milne used to make, along with—perhaps a necessary accompaniment—his youthful *gusto*, he thinks he might yet be induced to tempt his boyish appetites. To those who were "Poynernook louns" about a quarter of a century ago, the mere mention of the favourite rendezvous, Luckie Barclay's cellar door, familiarly known as the "cellar doorie," will be enough to call up a host of early reminiscences.

The drumlie, stinkin' Maut-mill Burn
  Was sweet as ony rose;
The vera fetid midden's steam
  Was gratefu' to our nose.
To wade the dirty, puddled road,
  We aye war weel content;
An' even the *Tide's* unsavoury mud
  Was aromatic scent.
    O! join the joyfu' sang, etc.

O, whan the skweel was skail'd, hurra!
  Like lightning we did fly,
Some to the buttons, bools, or ba',
  Kee-how, or hy-spy-hy;
Whilst ithers yok'd to pitch an' toss,
  Or on gymnastics bent,
Began to jump the burn across,
  An' whyles fell backlin's in't.
    O! join the joyfu' sang, etc.

How aft, my frien's, we've looked sharp,
  When we were forc'd to flee,
Frae yon chiel ca'ed "the livin' corp";
  An' deaf Jock Shirris tee.
An' whiles whan serious fechts began,
  Wi' frightfu' showers o' stanes;
Mind how we skipp'd, advanced, or ran,
  To save our precious banes.
    O! join the joyfu' sang, etc.

When simmer days war roastin' het,
  Our games we aft forsook,
An' a' ran to the Provost's Pot,
  To get a glorious douk.

Afore our sarks gaed ower our head,
Ye'll a' remember how
We rip'd our pouches aye for bread,
To be a chiv'rin chow.
O! join the joyfu' sang, etc.

O, mony a foolish prank we play'd
In these our days o' youth;
We're laddies yet, I'm sair afraid,
Tho' loons o' larger growth.
The only difference we can know,
As through this warl' we run,
Is, life is turned to earnest now,
An' then it was but fun.
Then join the sang, an' may we be
As through this warl' we wheel,
As blythe and happy as when we
Were laddies at the skweel.

A. Robb.

THE SNAW IS FA'IN' FAST, LOVE.

The snaw is fa'in' fast, love,
An' there's flowers on my window pane;
An' the Robin tootles low, love,
To nestle on my hearthstane.
But tho' keen and cauld the chill win' blaws,
And tho' leafless ilka tree,
There's a summer glow at my heart, Cris,
As sweet thochts come o' thee:
As sweet thochts come o' thee, love,
An' the ae nicht that we met;—
O! there are joys that fade, love,
But some we ne'er forget.

Even now I see thy face, love—
I look into your eyes;
And I can read those blushes, love,
That answer to my sighs:
An' I feel again a saft wee hand
Clasp'd trustingly in mine;
While a voice comes like a melody,
Frae days o' lost langsyne:
Frae days o' lost langsyne, love,
Ere boyhood's sun had set;—
O! ither charms may fade, love,
But thine I'll ne'er forget.

W. CARNIE.

THE DAWN O' DAY COMES NEIST TO THE MIRKEST HOUR O' NICHT.

THE blastin' win's o' winter
Sough through the leafless trees,
The sangless birds are cow'rin'
Beneath the bitin' breeze;
An' sharply through the frosty sky
Shines out the storm so bricht,
But the dawn o' day comes neist
To the mirkest hour o' nicht.

Sma' comfort kens the frien'less,
Wi' his bairnies happit spare,
In his cauld, unsheltered sheilin',
An' his wife harrowed wi' care;
When his hard-won earnings sma'
Canna scarce keep a'thing richt—
But the dawn o' day comes neist
To the mirkest hour o' nicht.

While for his wife an' bairnies
He fechts baith ear' an' late,
Hope keeps him frae repinin',
Sae he toils without regret,
Till wi' honest, firm resolve,
He becomes a man o' micht;
For the dawn o' day comes neist
To the mirkest hour o' nicht.

Ne'er let your heart desponding
Fail, when evils press you sair—
The warst that can befa' you
Canna last for evermair;
For when the gloom is direst,
Never nearer prospects bricht,
As the dawn o' day comes neist
To the mirkest hour o' nicht.

W. ANDERSON.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame;
Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back or haps his bare head;
His wee, hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams tremble there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools whaur her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens nae the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!

Her spirit, that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while—
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

W. Thom.

THE FATHER'S LULLABY.

Refrain—Boulie ba loo, my bairnie,
Boulie ba loo.

Your daddie has to rise betimes,
Then sleep ye saft and soun';
And close beside your mammy, love,
I'll gently lay ye doun.
Ye've drained her bonnie bozies dry,
Ye wee bit greedy mou'—
Then surely ye will try and sleep
A leesome sleepie noo?
So boulie ba loo, my bairnie,
Oh! boulie ba loo.

There, she sleeps lithely by my side,
But pale's her face and wan—
She's weary, weary nursing o'
Her waukrife little man.

But oh! she dauts wi' mony a kiss,
Wi' mony a mammie's goo,
And ca's him her ain doddie dear,
Her wee, wee croodlin' doo;
Then dinna, dinna wauken her,
But boulie ba loo.

The snawy sheets, the glimmering licht,
Your mammie's faulded e'e—
Wi' naething waukening on the nicht,
Excepting you and me—
Bring weird-like shadows round the bed,
And o'er my anxious broo;
For, tho' a father's feeling's sweet,
It's deep and solemn too—
But oh! you're but a lammie yet,
Then boulie ba loo.

Will that wee mou' e'er min't to kiss
Some lady's gentle hand?
That mither's e'e e'er flash wi' wit—
That broo house dreamings grand?
Or will your sweet soul pass to heaven,
Like morning's early dew,
And we be left wi' harried hearts,
Wi' nane to lull or lo'e—
Nae bonnie bairn to hear the sang
O' boulie ba loo.

God spare the lammie and its dam—
The daddie for their sakes—
Spare her, that we may live and lo'e
Thro' a' life's sorry braiks;
And when our heads wi' honoured snaw
Auld age begins to strew,

God spare to us his noble heart,
And oh! to him renew
Thy blessings, when he sings himsel'
A boulie ba loo.

But see, slow o'er his deep blue een
The lazy wee lids creep—
Wha, wha would grudge a waukrife hour
To see a cherub sleep?
Oh! when we reach that cauld dark stream,
Which a' earth maun pass through,
May our last sleep as coothie creep
O'er us and eke o'er you—
Just as if angels wyled us hame,
Wi' boulie ba loo.
Boulie ba loo, my bairnie,
Boulie ba loo.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

THE LANELY WIDOW.

THE lang winter nicht she sits dowie an' lane,
An' she croons an' she thinks on the days that are gane;
She wearies o' spinnin', an' sets by her wheel—
For she's feckless an' frail, an' she's nae verra weel.

Through her auld broken window is driving the snaw,
An' her wee spunk o' fire scarcely warms her ava'—
She looks wi' the tear in her e'e through the room,
An' sighs as she sees ilka settle is toom.

There sat her guidman, wha is gane to his *rest*—
An' there sat her Jamie, her auldest an' best—
An' there sat her Jocky—an' there sat her Jane;
But now they hae gane, and hae left her alane.

Her Jamie's a sodger, an' far, far awa'—
O' Jock, wha's a sailor, she kens nocht ava—
An' Jeanie to help her nae doot wad be fain,
But Jeanie has bairnies an' cares o' her ain.

Then she thinks on the time when her rooftree has rung
On a blythe Hallowe'en, when her bairnies were young;
When a weel-plenished girnal, wi' twa 'r three to share't,
Keepit cauld frae the biggin', an' care frae the heart.

Oh! few are the comforts o' poortith an' eild—
When thin is the claithin' an' cauld is the bield—
Unkent by the great, an' unseen by the gay,
Wha pass by the door o' the runkl'd and gray.

Yet thinkna that hope frae her bosom is gane,
Though thus she is friendless, forsaken an' lane;
For ae comfort is left her that lessens her care—
She can still trust in Him wha will answer her prayer.

W. Anderson.

PHANTOM THOUGHTS.

Oh! catch the thoughts, the sunny thoughts,
That fleet across the mind,
With threads of silken gossamer,
These aërial phantoms bind.
Engrave, engrave fond fancy's flowers,
They swiftly steal away;
They come to tease us with their charms,
But may not, will not stay.

W. Hurry.

NOTHING DRIES SOONER THAN TEARS.

We weep when the heart from its pleasures are torn,
And the old and familiar streams by—
When sadly away from youth's shores we are borne,
And broken seems each tender tie;
But strange is that heart which can bleed with despair,
In the midst of its sorrows and fears—
The seeds of new smiles lie concealed in its care,
For nothing dries sooner than tears.

We weep for the home and the friends that we leave,
When the world calls us forth to its toil;
When all fancy's blossoms our young bosoms leave,
That seemed once native flowers of the soil;
But time brings new friends, and a home smiling fair,
And their charms soon our lone spirit cheers—
The seeds of new joys lie concealed in our care,
For nothing dries sooner than tears.

We weep for the land and the love that are ours
When misfortune compels us to part,
And we wish never more for sweet love-lighted bowers,
So sad stream the tides of our heart.
O! trust not the heart, though sincerely it swear
To its idol, for life's coming years,
For its goal is new pleasure to banish old care,
And nothing dries sooner than tears.

A. Wilson.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND PURE.

O! why, when manhood steals on youth,
Do all the roseate hues
That once were wont through every scene
There beauty to infuse—

The sunny gleams of early joy,
  Love's fair impurpled blooms,
And all the fitful sanguine tints
  That youthful Hope assumes—
Why do they all grow dim and dark,
  And powerless to allure,
And leave a wreck of dreams, for all
  So beautiful and pure?

O! can it be that all the hopes
  And aspirations high
That well up in youth's inmost soul
  And sparkle from his eye—
That all the generous thoughts which burn
  Within his throbbing breast
Are but the fragile rainbow tints
  By Fancy's finger traced—
Are but imagination's freaks,
  Unsuited to endure,
And that on earth we ne'er can reach
  The beautiful and pure?

Is there, indeed, no love like that
  Which feeds the poet's dream,
As, wrapt in pleasing thoughts, he roves
  Beside the greenwood stream?
No Faith and Constancy like those
  Which fill his midnight trance,
When poring o'er the Love that lights
  The tales of old romance?
Can friendship's altar now no more
  A holy flame procure,
Nor patriot feeling urge to deeds—
  The beautiful and pure?

THE MEETING OF GADIE AND URY.

"He heard the Ury's timid flood,
An Gadie's heigh an' hurrit scud,
In playfu' sweetness twine."

"*The Blind Boy's Pranks.*"

Forbid it, ye whose souls the world
  Has fail'd as yet to win
To all its hollow, heartless ways,
  Its folly and its sin.
By all the high and holy hopes
  That cheer'd your youthful day,
Lift up your voices and proclaim
  A loud, impassioned Yea!—
Yea! there are Love and Friendship yet,
  And Faith doth yet endure;
And there are hearts that cherish still
  The beautiful and pure.

Then, wherefore thus from age to age
  Do we our hopes outlive,
And yearn in youth for noble ends
  The Future fails to give?
Why! but that faithless to those hopes,
  And pleased with idle toys,
We barter all our large desires
  For momentary joys;
Charm'd with their tints we pluck the blooms—
  A fading prize secure;
But lose the ripen'd, lasting fruit—
  The beautiful and pure!

In holy league, ye ardent souls,
  O! join and lead the van,
And teach our age, by noblest deeds,
  The dignity of man!
Abjure the cold world's callous ways,
  Which would reward your pains
By hollow, unsubstantial praise
  Or ill-assorted gains;

And build ye up this lofty faith,
That man may yet procure,
If faithful to his God and self,
The beautiful and pure!

W. CADENHEAD.

HOPE IN SUMMER.

O DEAR is life in summer to the young and hopeful heart,
Which opens to the gladsome rays which summer suns impart,
On Summer's rosy-pinioned hours, beneath a cloudless sky,
Fair Hope expands her feeblest wing and lifts her faintest eye.

Lo! dear, the summer comes apace, and shall I not grow well?
I'm hopeful so; yet oft I fear, and why? I cannot tell.
And sometimes a composure sweet steals o'er me and doth fill
My heart with happy willingness to Heaven's appointed will.

Well, were it so that I should go, I'm sure thou wouldst be kind
To Johnny and Elizabeth, dear things! I'd leave behind;
Though I could not be kind to thee, thou wouldst be kind to them,
And save from heartless stranger's hand in their lost mother's name!

Poor Johnny yesterday brought in and gave to me a flower,
With smiles of innocence and love which did my heart o'erpower!
'Twas kindness—all he had to give—and though 'twas sad to take,
I kissed his little hand and blessed the flower for Johnny's sake.

'Twas sad to take. Not long ago I loved a gather'd flower,
But now I would not crop them from their sweet life's little hour,
They bloom a moment in the hand and sweetly breathe away—
I'd rather see their growing life than premature decay.

Unto the living, flowers are dear; and haply to the dead,
If they might dream that flowers would smile above their narrow bed!
But to the dying, gather'd flowers are sorrowfully true,
And tell them as they fade away, that they are fading too.

But, dear, the summer comes apace, so I'll keep up my heart!
'Twill open to the gladsome rays which summer suns impart;
On Summer's rosy-pinion'd hours, beneath a cloudless sky,
Fair hope expands her feeblest wing and lifts her faintest eye.

JOHN PETRIE.

THE OVERGATE ORPHAN.

When sending the "Overgate Orphan" to the Editor of the ———, the Author prefaced it with a long letter, dated Inverury, March 1st, 1844, in which he says: "In your paper, the other week, I read of a woman, Cameron, Overgate, Dundee, found dead—her child, a boy of seven years, sleeping beside her. She expired unknown to any—she and her little son lying on a *shakedown* in a wretched hovel—not a morsel of food, but every mark of starvation, cold, and hunger. Now, sir, having myself tasted the bitter cup—having seen death at work in this same hideous form—the above tragedy affected me very much. * * * * Last night I composed the following lines. If you think these would, if made public, in any way move an additional feeling in favour of the 'Overgate Orphan,' I would be proud and happy."

'Tis the lone wail of woman, a mother's last woe,
And tearless the eye when the soul weepeth so—
Nor fuel nor food in yon windowless lair,
The sleeping is watched by the dying one there.

"Oh, wauken nae, wauken nae, my dowie dear!
My dead look would wither your wee heart wi' fear;
Sleep on till yon cauld moon is set in the sea,
Gin mornin', hoo cauld will your wauk'nin' be!

"Ye creep to a breast, Jamie, cauld as the snaw,
Ye hang roun' a heart, Jamie, sinkin' awa';
I'm laith, laith to leave ye, though fain would I dee,
Gin Heaven would lat my lost laddie wi' me!"

Awaken, lone trembler, the moon has no light,
And the grey glint of morning drives back the fell night;
Her last look is fixing in yon frozen tear—
Awaken, lone trembler, thy home is not here!

The death-grasp awoke him—the struggle is o'er,
He moans to the ear that will listen no more:
"You're caulder than me, mither, cauld though I be,
And *that* look is nae like your ain look to me.

"I dreamt how my father came back frae the deid,
An' waesome an' eerie the looks that he gied;
He wyled ye awa' till ye sindered frae me—
Oh, hap me, my mither, I'm cauld—like to dee!"

The creaking white coffin* is hurried away,
The mourners all motley, and shrivelled, and gray;
Each meagre one muttering it over yon bier,—
"So colder my home is—oh, God! it were here!"

W. Thom.

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*In Dundee, it lately was the case, if not still, that paupers' coffins were not allowed to be blackened.

A SMILE.

"'This smile has gilded all my pilgrimage."—*Buckingham.*

I SAW a smile when I was young,
  Upon a face divinely fair,
Which ever has a sunshine flung
  O'er all my after years of care.

'Twas such a smile as from above
  A sinless seraph might bestow,
Unmixed and pure—replete with love
  Which grovelling mortals scarce can know.

It haunted all my boyish dreams,
  It lightened many a lonely hour,
It cheered my soul as gentle beams
  Of springtime cheers the opening flower.

And she who owned it never knew,
  Nor would my lips the secret tell,
How she—herself unconscious—threw
  Around my life a lasting spell.

But everywhen and everywhere,
  By night, by day—in storm, in calm—
In joy and grief that smile is there,
  And to my heart it bears a balm.

At times when sickness dims my eye,
  Or bleak misfortune makes me sad,
That smile comes like a cloudless sky,
  And soothes my soul and makes me glad.

I've seen it through the midnight gloom,
  Shine like the mellow moonlight meek;
I've seen its rays on friendship's tomb
  Dash sullen teardrops from my cheek.

I see it on the lip of scorn,
And on the clouded brow of care;
To me on terror it is borne,
And even with crime I find it there.

In all inanimated things,
And animated, still to me
Is present—and refulgence flings
O'er sky and land and restless sea.

It becks me on with many a wile,
Bids me in love forget the strife
False friendship's canker breeds—this smile
Has been the touchstone of my life.

W. ANDERSON.

'TWAS LANG AGO.

AIR—"Auld Robin Gray."

'TWAS lang ago, an' winter time, the snaw was on the grun',
When the bairnies an' the wife an' me, wi' mair o' *thocht* than fun,
Were sittin' unco dowilie—for things had a' gaen wrang,
An' aye, within our lugs, fell Care was dinging at his sang.
Our pennies were a' dune, an' whare were we to get mair,
O, 'twas an awfu' thing to see their bonnie faces fair,
A' glowrin' wi' their hungry een, an' wonderin' sair atweel,
What way their mither gaed an' cam', an' aye without the meal?

Nae words o' bluid could tell ye a' the feelin's o' that nicht,
The fire was scarcely burnin', an' we hadna onie licht;
An' what was waur, the craturs, a' sae spiritless an' flat,
Wad no lie in their beddies, but they a' sat up an' grat.

I'd twa guid frien's, I hae them yet, whase hearts had ne'er
been steekit,
An' kent they baith wad len' to me, but didna like to seek it:
For ane o' them I awnd him, an' the ither ane was puir,
An' tho' he'd gi'en me half, I ken he'd little then to spare.

But the darkest cloud gaes by, an' the weans fell owre asleep,
An' syne we had mair confidence to let oursel's gae weep;
There was nae prayer like Pharisee's, but a deep and quiet
petition,
That *He* wad look in mercy on our dolefu' sair condition.
Lang, lang we lay 'hint risin' time, for breakfast we had nane,
But God was then providin' weel for them whase hope was
gane—
A country man wi' siller cam' a-rappin' at the door,
An' paid an auld account to me I coudna get before.

Since then, O, let's be thankfu' that wi' a' our fechts an' care,
We've aye had meal an' tatties', an' a bittie for the puir;
We canna aye get a'thing that our selfishness wad hae,
But as lang's we've health an' innocence, we needna be sae
wae.
The *wee* are turnin' muckle noo—our hearth is never cauld—
They'll may be live tae help us, too, when ance we're turnin'
auld.
An' gin they a' do weel, an' won their honest, dacent breeds,
The mools 'll get our silv'ry hairs wi' honour on our heeds.

T. Denham.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

I have gazed 'mid my folds when my bosom was sore,
Nor tears from their fountains would flow;
I have looked, till the past shone the present all o'er
Bedropt with soft cloudlets of woe.

O! hide me from life, give my soul to the past,
For the dream it delights in is there,
And though time rolls, young days in my spirit will last
While I treasure this loved lock of hair.

There, bright like an angel, Remembrance oft sues
For the thoughts of my life's lonely hours,
Then spreads 'neath my sighs all the autumnless hues
Which bloomed to love's suns and its showers;
He is gone from my heart, grief hath broken the tie
Which bound me to life and its care,
I heed not Time's joys and its woes passing by,
But dwell with this loved lock of hair.

I know it is vain, but the mood of my heart
Now is bent like the flower 'neath the storm,
And I feast upon grief, no can bid it depart,
It hath trained every wish round its form.
But Love is a wizard, he changes the spell,
And our pleasure springs out of our care,
With dear deep emotions alone will he dwell,
And he sings 'mid this loved lock of hair.

A. Wilson.

FANCY'S DREAMS.

There is a secret spell that yields
A world of bliss to me,
That mingles with earth's jarring sounds
A rapturous melody;
That pencils all earth's common light
With beauteous golden beams;
It is the potent wizard spell
Of Fancy's Dreams.

The pomp and state of this dim world
How impotent they shine
Beside the pageantry that decks
This fairy realm of mine;
And even earth's little hour of bliss
With lurking sorrow teems—
But every joy's without alloy
In Fancy's Dreams.

O! I have eyes of purest light,
And lips of warmest glow,
Song's most entrancing ravishments,
And music's richest flow,
And friendship's noblest attributes,
And love's most witching themes—
A foretaste of all future bliss
In Fancy's Dreams.

Then think not that I need to mourn
Tho' poverty should frown,
Or court a share of this world's bliss—
I've one that's all my own!
Nor marvel if instead of tears
Mine eye with radiance beams,
For then I'm in my paradise
Of Fancy's Dreams.

W. CADENHEAD.

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—"Gin a bodie meet a bodie."

THEY speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'ee—
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree;

But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in tear,
Is, Heaven kens, fu' sweet amends
An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain—
The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.
Shall sapless prudence shake its pow,
Shall cauldrife caution fear?
Oh, dinna, dinna droun the lowe
That lichts a heaven here!

W. Thom.

LOVELY MAID, NOR WEEP NOR WAKE.

Lovely maid, nor weep nor wake
Though thy lover leave thee:
True love never could forsake,
Never would deceive thee.

Sigh no more. Believe me, he
Over whom thou'rt weeping
Would not drop one tear for thee;
Whilst thou wak'st he's sleeping.

O that the fair, with jealous care,
Would ward their hearts so tender!
And well beware the wily snare
Of every vain pretender.

Bright's the light of woman's love!
Yet cruel man may slight it;
Kind's the warmth of woman's love!
Yet man may not requite it.

John Petrie.

A FRAGMENT.

When I was a wee laddie an' herdin' the kye,
My duddies a' torn, my pouches a' dry,
Wi' hardly a shelter, unless some aul' dyke,
An' scarce a companion unless 'twas my tyke;

And my mither, puir body, she likit her loun,
An' duly as Saturday evening cam roun',
Wi' her shears and her needle you'd see her at wark,
Either darnin' my moggins or men'in' my sark.

For mony lang season I wyl'd an' I fought,
Preferment, preferment was aye what I sought,
But sae lang as my duddies were raggit an' torn
I only became mair an object o' scorn.

I tried ilka plan that I thought would succeed—
I gaed to the skule an' I learned to read;
But sae lang as o' cash I wis scrimpit and bare,
I never got ony respect for my lear.

But my aul' aunty dee't—a bit posie had she—
An' the generous aul' body she left it to me;
Now I dress like a gent—I'm respeckit, you'll note—
Na! haud ye, you'll rather observe it's my coat.

Tarves, 1853.

THE PLOUGH.

Air—"Onything that answers."

My song shall be of the noblest art
That man hath ever known,
Whose labours glad each home and heart
From the cottage to the throne.

For they who raise our daily bread
  Deserve our thanks, I vow;
So hurra! hurra! for the scythe and spade,
  The farmer and his plough.
    Then brothers all, in hut or hall,
      In chorus join me now,
    And pray success may ever bless
      The work of the goodly plough.

Let others sing of the sword and shield,
  Of blood and the battle plain,
I have no wish such arms to wield—
  They neither bring good nor gain.
But with nobler brand I'd take my stand,
  And corn, not men, I'd mow;
For 'twere better far if the weapons of war
  Were turn'd to the scythe and plough.
    Then the blade I'd bear is a good ploughshare,
      A trusty one, I trow;
    My crest a hive, with a spade and scythe,
      My motto, "Speed the Plough."

We'll toast the Queen and our native land,
  The pen and the mighty press,
The wire and steam that at man's command
  Have conquered time and space;
And while we sit at the festive hearth,
  And honour to all allow,
We will *use*, not *abuse*, the fruits of the earth,
  For they all spring up from the plough.
    Then hurra! for the arms that till the farms,
      Who harrow, reap, and sow;
    To the flail, the flake, the hoe, and rake,
      And ever GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

W. CARNIE.

I WOULDNA—OH! I COULDNA LOOK.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Ay, faith; and in some cases the sooner the better too.

I WOULDNA—oh! I couldna look
On that sweet face again;
I daurna trust my simple heart,
Now it's ance mair my ain.

I wouldna thole what I hae thol'd,
Sic dule I wouldna dree,
For a' that love could now unfold
Frae woman's witchfu' e'e.

I've mourned until the waesome moon
Has sunk ahint the hill,
An' seen ilk sparkling licht aboon
Creep o'er me, mournin' still.

I've thocht my very mither's hame
Was hameless-like to me;
Nor could I think this warld the same
That I was wont to see.

But years o' mingled care hae past,
Wi' blinks o' joy between;
An' yon heart-hoarded form at last
Forsakes my doited een.

Sae cauld and dark my bosom now,
Sic hopes lie buried there!
That sepulchre where love's saft lowe
May never kindle mair.

I couldna trust this foolish heart
When it's ance mair my ain;
I couldna—oh! I daurna look
On Mary's face again!

W. THOM.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

"Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?"—*Byron.*

WHEN affections are formed, by sweet hope and youth,
In the heart that is treasured with fondness and truth,
Though you try with unkindness its feelings to blight,
And look on the pangs that you cause with delight—
It never will change, though its joys you may chill,
For the heart that hath loved you will cling to you still.

If it may be my doom from you, loved one, to sever,
And crush my young hopes in their trembles for ever,
And time may have tried its affections to move,
Still the heart will be true to its first gush of love—
And fond Memory's aid the sweet vision will fill,
For the heart that hath loved you will cherish you still.

And when Death such a flower doth in lowliness lay,
And your soul wing in realms of unchanging bright day,
Far away from this world of sorrow and pain,
Still Mem'ry will paint the sweet vision again—
For fond Love will cherish its young gushing thrill,
And the heart that hath loved you be true to you still.

D. LOWE.

THERE'S AN ECHO TO KINDNESS IN EVERY TRUE HEART.

THE Spring wakes in dances of song-birds and flowers,
When Phœbus flings o'er it his treasures of light;
And freshly the green meadow hymns the sweet showers,
And wild roses perfume the soft dewy night;

And tear-pearled eyes all their raptures respond
To friendships which never can know to depart,
But deeper and dearer, those glances beyond,
Is the echo to kindness which wakes in the heart.

O! sweet thrills the memory of gladness that's gone,
When fancy, young heartfuls of fondness renews,
For nature replies to the breast which is love
When the spirit some lost theme of pleasure pursues.
The blossom upsmiles from the calm forest stream,
Like the joy once impressed, which can never depart,
For love's sunny smile ne'er shall fade from our dream—
There's an echo to kindness in every true heart.

The pleasures which stream from the heart are divine,
And die not though cold seems the soil where they rest,
But brighten sad bosoms, fate taught to repine,
And light them again with the hopes of the blest.
O! hide not the full tide of joy that o'erflows
Thy spirit of gladness, but bid it depart,
For sure shall his meed be that soothes kindred woes—
There's an echo to kindness in every true heart.

A. Wilson.

MARY MAIN.

Air (*slowly*)—"O tell me the way for to woo."

There's love in your looks, dearest Mary,
But pride in your bonnie blue e'e;
There's a smile on your lip, dearest Mary,
Although that ye smile nae on me.
Yet lang hae I woo'd thee,
An' leal hae I loo'd thee,

An' fondly I thocht ye wad yet be my ain;
But ye slighted me sairly,
An' favoured me rarely,
An' made me unhappy for life, Mary Main.

In lang winter nichts, fairest Mary,
When starlicht nor moon I could see,
At your window I've watched, fairest Mary,
To catch a sweet glance o' your e'e.
When the keen bitin' blast
Frae the north sweepin' past
Spread blin' driftin' snaw o'er the verdureless plain,
When ilk ane was sleepin'
Cauld, lanely, an' weepin',
I've wandered aroun' where ye dwalt, Mary Main.

In the blythe simmer days, lovely Mary,
I sought ye by burnie an' lea;
A' my thochts were o' you, lovely Mary,
My dreams they were only o' thee.
My heart sickened sadly,
My brain burned madly,
The light laugh o' happiness only brought pain;
For baith lonely an' lorn,
I hae tholed a' your scorn,
An' sigh late an' air for your love, Mary Main.

I've nae siller or lan', bonnie Mary,
But I hae a leal heart to gie,
An' though muckle ye're lo'ed, bonnie Mary,
There's nane that can lo'e ye like me.
The wild flower adornin'
The calm simmer mornin'
May fade, but for me canna blossom again;
The e'e will be beamless,
The sleep will be dreamless,
O' him wha adored you through life, Mary Main.

W. ANDERSON.

TAK' AFF THAT VEIL.

Tak' aff that veil, my bonnie lass;
Her beauty needs nae screen
Whase cheek the morning pencil paints,
And starlight fills her e'en.
Tak' aff that veil—your beauty, love,
Is Heaven's blest dower to thee;
And since the gift is free, sweet lass,
O gie a blink as free.

My dearest lassie 's taen the veil
Frae aff her bonnie face;
And sweetly smiles she now on me
Wi' love's divinest grace;—
There's nought to hide her sparklin' e'en,
Or cloud her brenty broo—
Nae barrier now to check the kiss
That seeks my lassie's mou'.

Gie veils to dames of eastern climes,
Whase taste I canna reeze—
It kythesna in the norlan' land,
The heather and the breeze.
Na! gie to me a lassie dear,
Wi' cheek o' rosy hue,
Whase open face the daylight woos—
My Jeanie, sic as you.

THE EVENING STAR.

When the hum of the world is silenced and still,
And night slowly falls on the sides of the hill,
Then a bright star breaks forth, like an angel of light
Sent to watch o'er the earth in the darkness of night

When Nature arose first from chaos and night,
This star was then launched through the realms of light,
And joined in the anthem that echoed through heaven,
As the morning stars sang when their being was given.

And now long ages have rolled since its birth,
And empires have risen and fallen on earth,
Yet still its sweet beam is seen shining from far,
And nightly keeps watch on its heavenly car.

When Greece in its glory could boast of its might—
Its wisdom in science—its valour in fight—
Its creed told with awe of the goddess that shone,
Clear and bright in the west, when the sun had gone down.

They called it the goddess of Beauty and Love;
Its power was an arrow—its emblem a dove;
But Science and Truth o'er the world have trod,
And whispered to man, 'Tis the finger of God.

Yet methinks thou art Love; for when twilight is spread,
Thou invitest the lover the fair fields to tread:
And methinks thou art Beauty; for when the sun dies,
And lingers o'er earth, thou'rt a gem in the skies!

A. FRASER.

THE WILD FLOWER THAT BLOSSOMS UNSEEN.

O! SWEET is the flower of the desert,
Unseen where it blossoms and dies,
Unthought of by aught save the fancy
Away o'er its valley that flies;
As pure steals the dew o'er its bosom,
As bright are its blessings I ween,
As pearl-showers a-sleeping on roses,
Though lonely, it blossoms unseen.

It blooms not for man or his grandeur,
But bright with a radiance divine,
It scents the sweet zephyrs for angels,
Undimmed by the eyes that repine.
We deem that for us all the splendours
Of heaven and of earth formed have been ;
But nature adorns and forgets not
The wild flower that blossoms unseen.

O ! it lives a sweet life of devotion,
Though we its soft hymn may not hear,
And gladdens the gale with its fragrance,
And toils not through hope or through fear.
Ah, no ! in its short hour of beauty,
Nor future nor past dims its sheen,
But its hues tell that heaven is caressing
The wild flower that blossoms unseen.

A. Wilson.

SUNSET BY THE SEA-SHORE.

In beauty did the shining Monarch pour
O'er sea and land a flood of glittering gold !
And gathering clouds, with gay and gorgeous fold,
Spread far and wide, a throne with painted bower,
And deck'd with glittering glory every tower ;
Amidst the splendours of the glowing scene
Through heaven's high arch, o'er hills and pastures green
Soft zephyrs play, and high their banners wave,
And fancy shaped of each a tree or cave,
Or crowded city ; whilst her magic power
With sweetest music fill'd the soft wind's sigh,
Until methought I heard the bards of old
In towering castle sing of barons bold,
At the rich banquet or the revel high ;

And courtly princes—ladies fair and bright,
In splendour rose before my dazzled sight;
And changed as by enchantment every boat
  Whose sail hung loosely, flapping on the mast,
  Before me on the gilded surface pass'd,
And seem'd upon a sea of fire to float;
While from the deck the trumpet's warlike note
  Struck on my ear; and princely standards stream'd,
  And shield and helmet in the sunset gleamed.
I saw that pomp pass by, until remote,
It vanish'd in the glory of the west,
  And now the shades of twilight gather grey
  Upon the waves, where late such brightness lay;
Pensive and solemn musings fill'd my breast;
  And now the glorious orb sheds his last ray,
And skies proclaim the hour of evening rest,
And as he sinks with grandeur in the west,
  Night with her mantle overcasts the day.

B. STRONG.

I AM BLESSIN' THEE.

THE dewy groves are sleepin' now—
  The winds hae gane to rest—
The sun's awa' to other lands—
  The sang-bird's to its nest;
And in the gentle tear that fills
  My heavenward-gazin' e'e,
The e'ening star is beamin' bright—
  And I am blessin' *thee!*

I doubt it maun be love for thee
  That plagues me after a',
Though I had thought the sunny days
  O' rapture were awa;

Sae little was the love I got,
Sae mickle did I gie,
I never thought to love again—
And yet I'm blessin' *thee!*

Yon little moment on thy breast,
A life o' grief might calm;
Yon ae fond kiss was to my heart
A drop o' heavenly balm.
And dear the lovin' glance that shone
Within thy witchin' e'e;
I feel the joy it waukened yet—
And I am blessin' *thee!*

I never dream o' aught that's sweet,
But thou art in my mind,
The paragon o' gentleness,
The kindest o' the kind;
And when I pray for those I love,
Within my fancy's e'e
A form like thine begins to shine—
And I am blessin' *thee!*

W. CADENHEAD.

ONE OF THE HEART'S STRUGGLES.

AIR—"Willie was a wanton wag."

"OH! let me gang, ye dinna ken
How sair my mither flate yestreen—
An' mournin' o'er and o'er again,
Speir'd whaur I gaed sae late at e'en.
An' aye I saw her dicht her een—
My very heart maist brak to see 't—
I'd byde a flyte though e'er sae keen,
But canna, canna thole her greet."

"Oh! blessin's guard my lassie's brow,
And fend her couthie heart frae care;
Her lowein' breast o' love sae fu'—
How can I grudge a mither's share?
The hinnysuckle 's no sae fair,
In gloamin's dewy pearl weet,
As my love's e'e when tremblin' there
The tear that owns a mither's greet.

"A heart a' warmed to mither's love—
Oh! that's the heart whaur I wad be;
An' when a mither's lips reprove,
Oh! gie me then the glistnin' e'e.
For feckless fa's that look on me,
Howe'er sae feigned in cunnin's sweet—
And loveless—luckless—is the e'e
That, tearless, kens a mither greet."

W. Thom.

"A' THE WYTE'S YE'R AIN, LASSIE."

Ye canna say the faut is mine,
Ye ken the wyte's ye'r ain;
For tho' I lo'ed wi' a' my heart,
Ye lo'ed na me again.
So a' the wyte's ye'r ain, lassie,
A' the wytes ye'r ain—
The heart ance thine's anither's noo,
An' a' the wyte's ye'r ain.

Ye humm'd and leugh when I confess'd
My heart was a' ye'r ain—
An' bade me keep it to mysel'
An' plague nae you again.
So a', etc.

An' aye the sairer that I lo'ed,
The mair was your disdain;
But noo anither has my heart,
An' a' the wyte's ye'r ain.
So a', etc.

Noo I can laugh as ye ance did,
Disdain that love o' thine,
An' care as little for your heart,
As ye ance did for mine!
So a', etc.

For tho' I gi'ed you a' my love,
Ye gi'ed me nane again—
Now ye can keep it to yersel',
For a' the wyte's ye'r ain.
For a' the wyte's yer ain, lassie,
A' the wyte's ye'r ain—
The heart ance thine's anither's noo,
An' a' the wyte's ye'r ain.

W. M.

TO ROSA.

Bring me the gold of all the earth,
The gems of all the sea,
And I shall count them nothing worth
Beside a glance of thee.

O! shed on me the mild delight
That radiates round that brow,
Nor grief nor ill on me can light,
So I am blest as now!

Thy features curtained round with beams
Of spirit, do resemble
The waters when the moonlight streams
Upon them as they tremble.

Sure heavenly angels watch alway
The motions of that eye,
And flash through every liquid ray,
To bless us from the sky!

SIGMA.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

HAVE you not seen yon April flower,
And priz'd in early bloom,
When spreading 'neath the vernal shower
A ravishing perfume?

Have you not seen the rose-bud clasp
Around its parent stem,
As if it thought a *mother's grasp*
Could baulk the reptile's aim?

Then you have seen my Isabel,
When health and beauty spread
(While lisping out her prattling tale)
A halo round her head!

Yes! you have seen my darling child,
Ere yet her infant breath
Caught the disease that round her coil'd,
Nor left her but in death.

But why should we her *death* repine?
Heaven gave her as a loan;
Though love parental called her mine—
The Almighty claimed His own.

J. MILNE.

CARDIN'S BRIG.

"At Cardin's Brig he tumbl't o'er
An' never raise again."

"*The Blind Boy's Pranks.*"

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

"I'll tell ye some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."
Legend.

MEN grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay;
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string,—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He faught his lanely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an' kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O, fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud,
Syne laithfu', lanely, Love 'gan scud
Down Ury's* waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by;
Till lull'd wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He sleepit fu' soun' and sailed alang
'Neath Heav'n's gowden sky!

'Twas just whaur creeping Ury greets
Its mountain cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weelfaur'd deme,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played with a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

---

*The Ury, a small stream, at the junction of which with the Don stands Inver-Ury.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time,
The jessamine bark drew nigh,
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon weary wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief,
Was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by Heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,*
Sae lovely a dwallin' place!

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu' devilick neist?
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
That sparkled frae baith her e'en.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e bree
He placed a quiver there;
His bow? What but her shinin' brow;
An' O sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

---

*Paphos, a very ancient city of Cyprus. It was celebrated for its beautiful temple of Venus, built on the spot where she landed when she rose from the sea. There were one hundred altars in her temple, which smoked daily, with a profusion of frankincense, and though exposed to the open air, they were never wetted by rain. Annual festivals were held here in honour of the goddess, and her oracle, which was connected with the temple, acquired for it considerable reputation.

Guid be our guard! sic deeds waur deen,
Roun' a' our countrie then;
An' monie a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

No. II.

Love roam'd awa frae Uryside,
Wi' bow an' barbet keen,
Nor car'd a gowan whaur he gaed;
"Auld Scotland's mine, howe, heath and glade,
And I'll trock *that* wi' nane.

"Yon Ury damsel's diamond e'e.
I've left it evermair;
She gied her heart unkent to me;
Now prees what wedded wichts maun pree,
When I'm *un*priested there.

"That time by Ury's glowing stream,
In sunny hour we met;
A lichter bield, a kinder hame
Than in the breast o' that fair dame,
I'll never, never get.

"I kenn'd her meet wi' kindly say,
A lov'd, a lowly name;
The heartless ruled poor Jean—an' they
Hae doom'd a loveless bride, for aye
To busk a loveless hame.

"I'll seek bauld Benachie's proud pow,
Grey king of common hills!
And try hoo bodies' hearts may lowe
Beneath thy shadeless, shaggy brow,
Whaur dance a hundred rills."

Now trampin' bits, now fleein' miles,
Frae aff the common road,
To keek at cadgers loupin' stiles,
Wha try the virtue an' the wiles
Of maidens lichtly shod.

He passed Pittodrie's haunted wood,*
Whaur devils dwalt langsyne;
He heard the Ury's timid flood,
An' Gadie's heigh an' hurrit scud,
In playfu' sweetness twine.

---

*Among the many pretty legends and stories that affix to almost every hill and water, wood and howe of the Garioch, the following is often heard:—Upon a time far, far gone by, a Caledonian demon took a fancy to amuse himself awhile in the neighbourhood of Benachie—a portion of our world he had scarcely looked upon since the bloody game of Harlaw. To put matters astirring again in his old way, he took a stroll into the woods of Pittodrie. There let him walk, while we take a hasty look at those upon whom he is said to have recommenced his dark doings.

The boasted beauty of five parishes was the "Maiden of Drumdurno." A farmer's only daughter she—a cantie, clever, hame-bred Scotch lassie. Three notions, in particular, appear to have held uppermost keeping in her bonnie brow—to wit, that her father had the sharpest outlook, Benachie the highest *tap*, and her ain Jamie the kindest heart in the whole world.

Aware (and why not?) of her own personal loveliness, she wisely made all within as fair and fitting. She lived a creature full of soul—her breast the tenement of love and happiness—gaiety and tenderness hovered in her eye, like watchful spirits, ready to minister—waiting, as it were, just to see what was wanted—a laugh or a tear. Many, many had wooed—one at last had won her. The unsuccessful went, each

An' there he saw (for Love has een,
  Tho' whiles nae gleg at seein')
He saw an' kenn'd a kind auld frien',
Wha wander'd ghaistlike an' alane,
  Forsaken, shunn'd, an' deein'.

Her look ance gay as gleams o' gowd
  Upon a silvery sea;
Now dark an' dowie as the cloud
That creeps athwart yon leafless wood,
  In cauld December's e'e.

Hear ye the heartsick soun's that fa'
  Frae lips that bless nae mair;
Like bieldless birdies when they ca'
Frae wet wee wing the batted snaw,
  Her sang soughs o' despair.

---

according to his way, in these cases—some sighing, some drawing comfort from a new purpose, some from an old pipe—all, however, wishing happy days to the betrothed "Maiden of Drumdurno." One alone—one fed the hope of vengeance—one grim horse-shoe-hearted rascal of a smith. Parish smith and precentor, too, he was. This rejected ruffian watched that night in Pittodrie woods, in thought that "Jamie" would as usual, in leaving Drumdurno, pass that way. "Oh, that my eternal destruction could plague their earthly peace," cried he, "how soon and sure the bargain would be mine!" "Capital wish!" cried the seducer of Eve, "I'll do the thing for you on your own conditions." Perpetual vassalage on the part of the "red wud" smith—written desolation to the luckless lovers of Drumdurno, was compact and settlement that night, in the black woods of Pittodrie. * * * The bonniest and the blythest lass within sight of Benachie was drifting up the bridal baking—and the bridal and the bannocks "baith her ain." "It sets ye weel to work, lass, gin ye had ony mair speed at it." This compound of taunt and compliment was uttered by a stranger, who had been hanging on about the kitchen, the last hour or so—a queer, rollicking, funny lump of a "roader," and, by his own story, in search of work. "I kenna whether it sets me or no," quoth the maiden, "but I think nane could grudge wi' my speed." It is clear

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN.

My cheek is faded sair, love,
An' lichtless fa's my e'e:
My breast a' lane and bare, love,
Has aye a bield for thee.
My breast, though lane and bare,
The hame o' cauld despair,
Yet ye've a dwallin' there,
A' darksome though it be.

Yon guarded roses glowin',
It 's wha daur min't to pu'?
But aye the wee bit gowan
Ilk reckless hand may strew.
An' aye the wee, wee gowan,
Unsheltered, lanely growin',
Unkent, uncared its ruin,
Sae marklessly it grew.

---

by this, that the complimentary portion of the stranger's remark had found its way. Alas! the pitiable truth! Alas! for humanity! When it *would* be flattered, the poison is more surely imparted beneath the roughest coverture. In faulting that which is blameless, the flatterer assumes the hue and weight of honesty, and works securely there.

The jest and banter were exchanged, with mingled glee and earnestness, till at length the lass, all thoughtlessly, was inveigled into the fatal wager. The terms of that fearful agreement are stated at varied points of the horrible. The most temperate reciters insist that HE undertook to "lay" a road from bottom to top of Benachie ere she baked up her firlot of meal. The forfeiture hazarded on his part is not on record. Most likely the light-hearted, happy bride regarded the whole as one of the merry jokes that rang from that merry old man, and heeded not exacting conditions in a matter she conceived to be impossible. Her part of the pledge, however, was, "that she became his *own* if the road is laid ere the meal be baken." * * * Now, now, the last bannock is on the girdle, but for the past hour her mind

An' am I left to rue, then,
  Wha ne'er kent Love but thee;
An' gae a love as true, then,
  As woman's heart can gie?
But can ye cauldly view,
A bosom burstin' fu'?
An' hae ye broken noo,
  The heart ye *sought* frae me?

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

No. III.

By the lowe o' a lawyer's ingle bricht
  Wi' gruesome looks an' dark,
The Deil sat pickin' his thum's ae nicht
  Frae evendoun want o' wark.
At length in the learn'd lug to hark
  He cannilie screw'd him roun',
Syne claw'd his elbow and leuch to mark
  The lang-leaft buik brocht doun.

---

was filling, in the gush of that tearful sweetness that pours o'er the heart of a willing bride, so the hill, the road, the wager, old man and all—all were forgotten—all overshaded that shared of earth—but *one*—one only, one darling thought. The hour of tryst was near. The lowering, gloomy-like fall of the night dismayed her, and she looked wistfully at the cloud settling on the hill. "It's nae *that* nor mony siclike 'll gar him bide frae me; but I'm wae to see him weet. God of my heart," she cried, "what's yon I see!" * * * The road is to be seen to this day. She fled towards the woods of Pittodrie, pursued. The prayer she could not utter was answered. With the last bound the demon grasped a stone. Such the transformed bride. So she stands there even now.

And quick the pace, and quick the pulse,
  Wha wanders there alane,
Atween Pittodrie's drearie wood
  An' the dowie "maiden stane."

Wi' outshot een, o'er leaf an' line,
Sae keenly did they leuk,
An' oh! there was ae waefu' sign
Within that wearie buik,
Whan Hornie gae his mou a cruik
An' whisper'd, "Look ye, here's
A crafter* carl upon our hook
Ahint these twa 'ha'f years.'

"Gae harry him, man, an' gar him dee
The lave is your's an' mine;
His daisy dochter's scornfu' e'e
Will blink less saucy syne.
In beinless wa's just lat her pine,
Sic lanesome hardships pree;
An' here's my loof, the haughty quean
Will fa' afore she flee."

Love heard, an' skonnart wi' the plot
Swore grey the very moon,
That he would hae the lawyer shot,
An' gar the ither droun.
He flaft his wing o'er brae, an' boun'
O'er field and forest wide;
In lowly biggin lichted doun
An' knelt by Annie's side.

O, whaur is love maist lovely seen?
In timorous glances stealing—
Half-hid, half-own'd in diamond e'en
The soul-fraught look revealing?
No; see it there—a daughter kneeling
A father's sickbed near,
With uprais'd heart to Heaven appealing,
That—*that's* the look for angel's wear!

*A crofter is one who holds a four or five acre piece of land and house.

Annie, sic look was thine that nicht,
  Yon waesome watchfu' hour;
The man o' buiks thow'd at the sicht—
  He tint a' pith an' pow'r.
Auld Hornie then forthwith 'gan scour
  By heicht an' howe—an' then
At Cardin's Brig* he tumbl't o'er,
  An' never raise again.

The lanefu' lawyer held his breath,
  An' word micht utter nane;
But lookit aye—grew aye mair laith
  To blaud her bonnie e'en.
Love threw a shaft, sae sure an' keen,
  It trembled in his heart;
An' micht, I deem, altho' a stane
  Had dwallin' in the part.

Syne, slow an' dowie, wending hame,
  Wi' cares unkent afore,
His heart a' sinkin' doun wi' shame—
  Wi' new love gushin' o'er.
By buik or bond he held nae store,
  For bound eneuch was he;
Nor could he read aucht ither lore
  Than beamed in yon bricht e'e.

A saftness hangs on ilka word;
  A wish on ilka hour;
A sang is soucht frae every bird;
  A sich frae every flower.
Now briefs forsaken, rot and sour—
  A sonnet rules a summons;
E'en Blackstone's weighty wit maun cour
  To far mair weighty woman's.

W. Thom.

*Cardin's Brig over the Gadie, to the west of Logie-Elphinstone.

THE DECEPTION.

How could you bid me pledge my faith,
And make me swear to you,
That faithful I would be till death,
Yet be yourself untrue?

Why kiss me when we come to part—
Why weep at my adieu;
And make me think I had your heart,
And yet could prove untrue?

Ah! fair deceiver! thou wert false,
And well thy fondness knew;
It was in Reason's absence, else
I'd known you were untrue.

But Reason has resumed her seat,
No more I'll prostrate sue;
For you my heart has ceased to beat,
Since you have proved untrue.

W. ANDERSON.

HOPE.

HOPE biggit a bower on a sunny knowe,
Whare the flowers sprang fresh and mony—
Whare the wild bee pip'd its lonely strain,
And the birds sang sweet and bonny—
Whare the win', on its saft and scented wing,
Cam' whisp'rin' o' groves and streams—
And there she lean'd her the lee-lang day,
And painted her gowden dreams.

She looked to the Past—and the days o' youth
Shone out in their beauty and glee,
Ere the guileless heart was chill'd wi' care,
Or a grief had dimm'd the e'e;
And the rosy cheek, and the dimpled chin,
And the flow o' gowden hair,
And the soul unstain'd wi' a spot o' sin,
Was the picture she painted there.

She look'd to the Present—but love was sae cauld,
And friendship sae mickle a name;
And the lust o' wealth, and the pride o' power,
And the breathless race for fame,
Sae steel'd men's hearts and stain'd their souls,
That, but for a blossom fair,
Now here, now there, in a sweet green nook,
She had yielded to black despair.

She looked to the Future—the wee lone flowers
Spread out in the sunny air,
Till they fill'd the earth wi' their sweet perfume,
And the leme o' their beauty rare;
And even the love o' the fairy Past,
And its faith and its fealty true;
Grew dim in the gowden dreams o' Hope,
When the Future was spread to view.

Thus Hope dream'd on while the flowers were bright,
And the merry sunbeams shone,
But night came down, and there wisna a flower
For her e'e to light upon.
O, whare could she gang for a gowden dream now?
The stars shone out on high;
And, if dreams o' the Past and the Future were fair,
'Twas Elysium her dream o' the sky.

O, fortune may smile, or fortune may frown,
And sorrow may vex and pain,
But while we have Hope wi' her gowden dreams,
They vex and frown in vain.
For sick o' the Present, or griev'd at the Past,
The Future will ever be given,
And even though Hope were an exile frae earth,
She'd cheer us wi' dreams frae Heaven.

W. CADENHEAD.

THE DYING WIFE.

OH! draw the curtains o'er a bit,
And let me see the mune,
Wi' the winkin' starry lampies,
A' dancin' clear abune.

The sun's awa' in robe o' fire,
A' gloriously and bricht,
But it sent a *beam* to kiss me
Before it bade guid nicht.

Its bonnie rays gaed ling'ringly,
I watched ilk partin' smile;
For I kent we'd ne'er meet again,
And grat me sair the while.

Scarce twenty simmers o'er my head,
My young an' yearnin' heart
A' glowing wi' affections kind—
Oh! 'tis terrible to part.

But tak' me in your arms, Jamie—
Your doatin', deein' wife;
And lean my head upo' your breast
As lang's there's ony life.

Your tears are fa'in' burningly,
I fin' them on my cheek;
But calm yoursel', and whisper me—
We hinna lang to speak.

O monie, monie trystin' nicht
I've stolen out in haste,
A' purity and happiness,
To meet you on the waste.

Prood mither since and fonder wife,
'Tis hard to leave sae sune;
And fain the young heart wad rebel,
But God's will maun be dune.

In decent time ye'll please yer folk,
And seek some grander mate;
But O! wyle ane o' kindliness,
Wha my orphans wunna hate.

And tell her that I blessed her
A wee afore my death,
And bequeath'd my little bairnies
Wi' a mither's deein' breath.

But when you tak' our fav'rite walk
By the bonnie water-side,
Ye'll maybe hae a tear for me,
Unnoticed o' your bride.

And should ye hae some ither young,
O! leave nae *ours* to pine:
But when she gies her ain a *piece*,
Gie you a *bit* to mine.

Ye've struggled sair wi' poverty
For makin' me your ain;
But your braw frien's 'll come roun' ye
When the *sair despised* is gane.

And noo I feel Death's creepin' cauld—
O! lift them on the bed,
Till I bless my little darlings
Ere battlin' life has sped.

I've maybe been owre prood o' them,
Owre careless o' my God!
But there's mercy for a mither's love
In Heaven's chast'nin' rod.

Noo, Jamie, ca' me ance again
Your ain, your dearest wife;
And haud me close and kiss me, love,
The *fareweel* kiss o' life.

Dark, dark and cauld, I hear ye nae—
O, stay, my husband, stay!
Your hand—O yes! I feel—alas!
'Tis me that's gaun away.

T. DENHAM.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

CAN ever bloated vice assume
Fair virtue's spotless form?
As well might summer flow'rets bloom
Amid the winter storm.

There is the gloom of darkest night
On vice's hated road;
There is a halo, pure and bright
Round virtue's calm abode.

There is a self-approving smile
On virtue's lovely face,
In vice's features, black and vile,
We basest actions trace.

'Tis but a moment virtue shrinks
When by misfortune crossed;
But vice, unaided, yields and sinks,
And is for ever lost.

W. ANDERSON.

THE CUDDY.

AIR—"Last May a braw wooer."

'DEED, Jock, I'm convinced that it's idleness aft,
Brings monie a man to the wuddy;
Though I'm weel to do noo,
I was ance puir as you,
An' began wi' a *pack* an' a *cuddy*.

Folk sneer'd an' they laugh'd that saw me gang by,
For sometimes my *claes* were fu' duddy.
But, aye clean at the skin,
I was makin' the *tin*—
Lord wha wad gang *braw* wi' a cuddy!

Sometimes I gaed south, an' sometimes gaed north,
Up byroads that aft were fu' muddy;
But I ne'er was greedy
Wi' orphan or widow—
Na; we'd *principle*—me an' the cuddy.

We aye had an e'e— that's my cuddy an' me—
For O, 'twas a wise little buddy—
Whare to tak' our drap yill—
Ay, an' maybe a *gill*—
There was aye bits o' cakes to the cuddy.

But I drappit my daunerin' ways for a shop,
An' to plenish a house was my study;
For a bonnie bit wifie
Had lippen'd her lifie
Wi' me an' my *douce* little cuddy.

Twa three years hae gane by, an' we're doin' unco weel,
We hae bairnies baith sonsy and ruddy;
Oh! it's pleasant to see
My bit gleg laddie's glee,
Laughin' wild on the pleased little cuddy.

God be thankit, we've aye a bit morsel to spare
To them that hae fortunes mair cluddy;
An' O, may content aye,
To a' men be lent aye,
Is the wish o' baith me an' the cuddy.

Sae tak' my advice, guide weel what ye get,
An' watch whan the tide's at the floody;
Gin a stout heart ye hae,
Ye may climb a stiff brae,
Blythely ending like me an' the cuddy.

T. Denham.

EPIGRAM ON LOVE.

Had I an angel's harp divine,
Or seraph's voice to sing,
Love in the notes should ever shine,
'Tis life's perennial spring.

'Tis mix'd with evil here below,
'Tis pure in Heaven above,
'Tis fickle here, but there, we know,
Is everlasting love.

B. Strong.

PHASES OF LOVE.

Oh! were I but the balmy breeze
That fans my lady's cheek,
That blaws aside her ringlets
In many a wanton freak;
In at my lady's casement
I'd steal at dawn o' day;
I'd fill her bower with fragrance,
Then gently steal away.

I envy ilka little flower
That nestles on her breast—
Her tiny fingers round their stems
Are softly, gently prest.
Oh! were I but the dewy drops,
I'd fill ilk little cup,
And privily I'd steal the sweets
From off my lady's lip.

I wish I were the pearlins
That braid my lady's brow,
I'd shine with richest lustre,
With brighest, deepest glow.
I love, but she must never know
What ails this heart of mine;
To have the power of loving her
Is happiness divine.

Were I the secret to impart—
But no: that may not be;
A magic seal is on my lips,
That shuts out hope from me.

A gulf yawns 'twixt us wide and deep,
A foaming, raging sea—
Tempests, storms, and lightnings flash
Between my love and me.

But happiness comes to my heart
From her I durst not name;
Love's fire is kindled in my breast,
A pure and holy flame.
I drink deep draughts of happiness
From out my lady's eyes—
Eyes of the pure and lovely blue,
The colour of the skies.

W. HURRY.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

CHILD of Paradise! blooming and fair,
Laden with beauty and fragrance rare!
Emblem of loveliness! come ye again
To gladden the hearts and the haunts of men?
Like a timid maiden, ye fled unseen
As rough Winter intruding came on;
When wakened to life in your palace green,
Ye smiled when ye heard Spring's youthful tone,
And rejoiced that the stern old churl was gone.

But now are ye come in robes of dye
Which the artist views with a hopeless sigh,
Breathing of summer and stainless bliss,
A thing of beauty and loveliness!
Thrilling the Zephyrs' wings with pleasure,
As they waft away the golden treasure
Of your balmy breath and perfume sweet,
To Nature's hall as an offering meet.

O humble Rose! ye love to be
Where dwelleth content and industry;
Adorning with riches the poor man's cot,
In sweetness ye smile on humility's lot.
The matron's pride and the urchin's joy,
In playful glee ye love to toy,
In fantastic shapes to rise and fall,
And slily wreathing, clamber the wall,
To peep at their bliss o'er the window sill—
O these are the spots which ye love to fill.

O beautiful Rose! pure gift of love!
Wherever young hearts are beating,
Dear are ye held as the feelings you move,
Which else were in coyness sleeping.
Breathing with eloquence sweeter than words
The language that thrills to the young heart's chords—
The tender tale, the sweet word and sigh,
Passion's blush, and endearing reply;
While the blue eyes of Hope in brightness are beaming,
And Love, in the future, with fondness is dreaming.

O Virgin Rose! all night you've been weeping,
While Sleep in oblivion the earth was steeping;—
Are ye covered with tears for the sins of men?
Feel ye like them or sorrow or pain?
Perchance the thought of the winter's breath—
O lovely Rose! then dream ye of death?

Child of Summer, with fairest hue!
The language is holy spoken by you:
When the dark hour is past, ye come smiling again,
With hope to the hearts of sinful men;
Fashioned in beauty's fairest mode,
Ye speak of the love and goodness of God!

D. Lowe.

YE NEEDNA BE COURTIN' AT ME.

AIR—"John Todd."

YE needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me;
Ye're threescore an' three, an' ye're blin' on an e'e,
Sae ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me.

Stan' aff noo, an' just lat me be, auld man,
Stan' aff noo, an' just lat me be;
Ye're auld, an' ye're cauld, an' ye're blin', an' ye're bald,
An' ye're nae for a lassie like me, auld man,
Ye're nae for a lassie like me.

Hae patience, an' hear me a wee, sweet lass,
Hae patience, an' hear me a wee;
I've gowpens o' gowd, an' an aumry weel stow'd,
An' a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet lass,
A heart that lo'es nane but thee.

I'll busk ye as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
I'll busk ye as braw as a queen;
I've guineas to spare, an', hark ye, what's mair,
I'm only twa score an' fifteen, sweet lass,
Only twa score an' fifteen.

Gae hame to your gow'd an' your gear, auld man,
Gae hame to your gow'd an' your gear;
There's a laddie I ken, has a heart like mine ain,
An' to me he shall ever be dear, auld man.
To me he shall ever be dear.

Get aff noo, an' fash me nae mair, auld man,
Get aff noo, an' fash me nae mair:
There's a something in love that your gowd canna move,
I'll be Johnny's, altho' I gang bare, auld man,
I'll be Johnny's, altho' I gang bare.

P. Still.

MATINS.

Awake! for the day breaks bonnie, love,
On turret, tree, and tower,
And the dew in blobs is hinging, love,
On the lips of every flower;
And the zephyr on your lattice, love,
Is calling you away,
To see the budding glories, love,
Of the coming, opening day.

The lark pours down his song, love,
From out the lovely blue,
And from the grove I hear, love,
The voice of the cuckoo.
The birch, the brier, and woodbine, love,
Give forth a sweet perfume,
And the sun in all his glory, love,
Does hills and dells illume.

Arise, and from your lattice, love,
Look out upon the lea,
And see the lammies frisk, love,
In all their wanton glee.
Oh! a flood of song comes rolling, love,
From dingle, dell, and glade,
And the sunbeams, too, are dancing, love,
On the silvery cascade.

Arise and see the swallows, love,
  They skim the glassy lake;
Arise and see the flowers, love,
  For now they are awake.
Their petals they unfold, love—
  They may no longer sleep:
Their graceful forms are mirror'd, love,
  On the bosom of the deep.

Arise, for Nature smiles, love,
  Through all her wide domain;
Conceal yourself no more, love,
  Turning day to night again;—
Oh! smile on me once more, love,
  For soon I must away!
Oh! add your matchless charms, love,
  To the glories of the day.

W. Hurry.

FRIENDSHIP.

Descend, ye Muses, and inspire,
And aid my soul to strike the lyre
  With sweet seraphic lays;
Pour out your spirit rich and free,
Your quickening powers accord to me,
  To sing her boundless praise.

Friendship! I hail thy glorious form
Which shelters from the impending storm,
  And cheers the drooping soul;
A fragrance from thy presence springs,
And the sweet hope thy spirit brings
  Shades and bedews the whole.

Friendship! alas! thou'rt but a name
To thousands who thy virtues claim,
And hail thee as their guide,
Yet cannot breathe thy spirit free,
Nor bow to thy benign decree
With all their pomp and pride.

Whate'er on this terrestrial ball,
Amid these chequered scenes befall,
My bright or dark career,
O, tell me whither shall I go,
'Midst changing scenes of weal or woe,
To find a friend sincere?

Is it where wealth and fashion reign—
Where men, exalted high, disdain
To hear the cry resound
Of toil, or poverty, and pain,
Which echoes loud o'er hill and plain?
Not there—not there, thou'rt found.

Methinks I see thee in that mind,
That breathes a spirit just and kind,
With love to all around.
An honest heart, a faithful soul,
Where streams of truth and mercy roll—
'Tis there—'tis there, thou'rt found.

Yes, he's my friend that tells me true—
Who flatters not as others do,
To gloss my follies o'er;
Vouchsafes my doubtful steps to guide,
Stands ever faithful by my side,
Till I shall rove no more.

B. STRONG.

LOVE.

THERE is an hour of boundless bliss
When young and ardent lovers meet;
When feasting on the first pure kiss,
'Tis life's delicious sweetest sweet.

When clasp'd in Beauty's fondest fold,
Ere aught of guile our bosoms stain,
That moment, fraught with pleasure's gold,
Can gild a life of future pain.

There is an hour—an anguis'd hour,
When young and tender lovers part,
And I have felt its piercing power
Sink to the centre of my heart.

Yes, I have dropt a trembling hand,
And felt my bursting heart-strings glow,
When all the wealth of sea and land
Could not have bought my soul from woe.

Love is a wild, bewildering dream,
Presenting scenes of joy and woe;
Now borne on angel wings we seem,
Now sinking to the shades below.

Yet love shall reign, for ever reign,
Above the blue and blissful sky;
Its pleasures pure, without its pain,
Can never, never, never die.

P. STILL.

SHIPROW, ABERDEEN, 1840.

"An' on Christmas nicht frae the Shiprow to Shore."

"*Jean Findlater's Loun.*"

THE AULD FORTIN HUNTER.

SOME gowks say the first lowe o' love is the greatest,
When its flame flickers out, that our hearts get a queel,
Haith! but my second love has been strongest and hettest,
Sin' I first saw the moggin o' Mary M'Neil.

Whan young, I aft gaed 'mang the lasses gallantin',
As supple 's a hare an' as swack as an eel,
Though I'd plenty o' daffin,' yet love was awantin'
Till I ance saw the moggin o' Mary M'Neil.

Though that heart-woundin' loun wha the poets ca' Cupid,
Ance gae me a cuff drave my wits in a creel,
Yet I soon couer'd the shock, though for lang I felt stupid,
But at that time I kentna blythe Mary M'Neil.

I hae kent silly gowks near gang wud to be yokit
To reed-cheekit hizzies wi' nae wit or skeel,
But their mutches to catch me in vain wad been cockit,
Gif wantin' a moggin like Mary M'Neil.

Though beauty and shape be the tocher o' Nature,
Whilk may pass for a time wi' the hearts they ca' leal,
But I aye placed sma' value on figure and feature,
Unless wi' a moggin like Mary M'Neil.

Young heads are aft stappit wi' notions romantic,
To penniless beauties daft birkies may kneel,
But, saul, I ne'er played a' my life sic an antic,
Till I first saw the moggin o' Mary M'Neil.

Though that tireless chiel, Time, on my broo has carved wrinkles,
Though whiles frae my geems an auld grinder he'll steal,
Though the white badge o' eild through my haffits he sprinkles,
They're nae mote i' the e'e o' blythe Mary M'Neil.

I tauld her ae nicht that I ne'er saw anither
That ere I regarded or likit sae weel;
Three weeks frae that nicht we were yokit thegither—
An' I'm noo the cashier o' blythe Mary M'Neil.

Though I never was kent to be thriftless or lazy,
Yet the steep hill o' fortin I never could speil,
Sae I'll e'en drap the wark, for my banes are gey crazy—
There's rest i' the moggin o' Mary M'Neil.

Ye Bachelor coofs on the wrang side o' fifty,
Gin ye want to glide canny doun life's kittle reel,
Look out for some body as gather'd an' thrifty
As my bein coothie wifie, blythe Mary M'Neil.

G. Gibb.

WHITE IS THE LILY.

Tune—"Saw ye my wee thing?"

White is the lily that blooms in the valley—
Whiter the soft polished brow of my love;
Her look mild an' meek is, sweet her rosy cheek is,
Like dew spangl'd daisies in yon flow'ry grove.

The wee sportive lammie, that loups roun' its mammie,
Mair cheerfu', mair gentle than her couldna be;
Her sweet smiling face is a model for the graces,
An' meltin's the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e.

Neat, neat her waist is, saft her swallin' breast is,
Her breath like the flowers in a mild summer day;
Her lip red's the rose tap, and sweet as the dew drap,
That hangs on the brier in a morning o' May.

Where wild flowers are springing, and birds sweetly singing,
Thro' woods and thro' wilds wi' my Jessie I'll rove,
There, 'mang the charms o' nature, I'll gaze on each feature,
And feast on the smiles of the lass that I love.

A. Robb.

SONG OF THE LEAF.

Sing, sister leaflets, cheerily sing,
For our lovers, the blossoms, are coming,
And the zephyr's abroad with its fanning wing,
And the minstrel bees are humming.

Wave, for the golden kisses of love
In the sunbeams upon us are streaming,
And the light so bright, from far above,
On our downy cheeks is gleaming.

Dance, for the breeze from the sunny south
Comes bounding from grove of spices,
And summer, he comes like a lovely youth,
Bringing treasures wherewith to entice us.

Sing, for the dew will fall at night,
And deck us with gems all glistening,
Oh! the starry spheres with a holy light
Will look down as if they were listening.

Be hushed in the calm and stilly night,
When the moonlight in festoons is hanging,
When the nightingale basks in the silver light,
And lulls us to rest with its singing.

Autumn will come and sweep us away,
When he gathers his golden treasures;
But spring will bring us a far brighter day,
And crown us with new-born pleasures.

Then rustle and merrily flutter and wave,
As spring and summer advances;
We'll enjoy our hours even over our grave,
In frolicsome aëriel dances.

In Nature's own fane we form a choir,
Our theme is of joy and gladness;
In the poet's breast we fan up the fire,
And soothe away all his sadness.

Oft at the witching hour of eve
We hear fond lovers' whispers;
We mimic their soft and gentle sighs
From matin song until vespers.

Then, sister leaflets, cheerily sing,
For our lovers, the blossoms, are coming,
And the zephyr's abroad with its fanning wing,
And the minstrel bees are humming.

W. Hurry.

"WOMAN'S WITCHFU' E'E."

I like the sun that shines so bright!
I like the modest moon;
I like the stars, the planets too,
An' a' the orbs aboon;
I like to see the morning star
Blink bonnie o'er the sea;
But there's an orb outshines them a'—
'Tis "woman's witchfu' e'e."

Ae beam o' love frae that blest orb
Gies youth a livelier hue,
An' drives awa the clouds o' fate
Frae sorrow's sickly brow—

Dispels the darkest shades o' woe
That heart is doom'd to dree;
There's nae an orb in yonder sky
Like "woman's witchfu' e'e."

'Tis there the heart pours forth its woes,
Ower sad for tongue to share;
The tears o' love and pity's tears,
Speak nameless secrets there;
'Tis there the tremblin' lover reads
The soul's sincerity;
Oh! where's the orb in yonder sky
Like "woman's witchfu' e'e?"

Ye powers that watch my countless steps,
An' a' my wanderings ken,
In this my weary pilgrimage,
In pleasure or in pain;
Whare'er my hameless feet may roam,
Whate'er I'm doom'd to dree,
O lat me live beneath the light
O' "woman's witchfu' e'e!"

P. Still.

EPIGRAM.

Sweet maid, adorn'd with every grace—
That eye—what rapture 's in it!
A thousand charms are in your face,
But, L—d, sae weel 's ye ken it.

A. Robb.

AUTUMN WINDS.

AIR—"Bonnie House o' Airly."

Oh, ye waesome winds, hoo your mourning grieves,
Hoo your sighing an' moaning fear me!
As ye toss and tear the trembling leaves
That ye cherished when *he* was near me.

I've kent ye woo them—I've heard ye woo,
As saftly as woman's lane sighing;
When ye slyly kissed the cozie dew
Frae their faulded bosoms lying.

Now nightly athwart the naked plain,
Ye are whirling the saucy snaw in;
Ye've changed the dew to the pelting rain,
Till your poor droukit leaves are fa'in.

Hae ye fausely strayed 'mang misty groves,
Wi' ice-wreathed maidens to marrow?
Oh, they've come an' slain your bonnie summer loves,
An' driven ye daft wi' sorrow!

But *my* love is true, ye winds that blaw,
And your fauseness maunna fear me;
His kind heart never will flit nor fa',
Nor own anither dearie.

There's ae green branch on yon blighted tree,
An' the lave a' darkly dwining;
There's ae bricht e'e looks love to me,
Like the weird licht o'er me shining.

Yet oh, ye winds, hoo your wailing grieves!
Hoo your sighing an' moaning fear me!
As ye toss an' tear the dowie grey leaves
That waur green when he was near me.

W. THOM.

MEMORY'S E'E.

Losh ! sic a heap o' ups an' douns
  There are in twenty years ;
But gin we backlins cast our e'e,
  How short that space appears !

The dreamy days o' early life,
  Though season'd aft wi' pain,
Yet lives there ane wha couldna wish
  To live them ower again ?

Oh ! reivin' Time, ye'll ne'er bring back
  Yon hours o' sinless glee,
When new-fledg'd fancy flapp'd her wing
  An' ettled first to flee !

Ye war'ly thrang whase prosy souls
  Nae raptured moment kens,
But broods o'er what the future has,
  An' what the present sen's ;

Yet think its vain and profitless
  To lat your fancy flee
To yon bright spots o' early life,
  As seen through Memory's e'e.

An' ye wha row in Fortune's lap,
  Wi' feint a woe to wail,
But what your folly or your pride
  May bring upon yoursel' ;

Yet favoured brithers, will ye say
  That Fortune's smiles can gie
Sic bliss as sweeten'd early life,
  When viewed through Memory's e'e ?

Ye thochtless thrang wha sail alang
On pleasure's shallow stream,
How stale your joys compared with those
Which gladden'd childhood's dream!

Alternate stouns o' grief an' pain
Your bosoms now maun dree,
That kent nae pang in yon bright days
We view through Memory's e'e.

G. Gibb.

A WISH.

O for a sweet, secluded spot
On some lone, lovely isle,
Where all my cares might be forgot,
And peace for ever smile.

One kindred heart, I'd ask no more,
My life, my love to share;
And that one heart within its core
To nourish love and prayer.

There would we bloom, like sweet twin-flowers,
Beneath pure pleasure's ray;
And there at last, 'mid autumn showers,
Like flow'rets fade away:

Our withered leaves, low in the tomb
Together mingling lie;
The fragrance of our summer bloom
Be wafted to the sky.

P. Still

HARDGATE, ABERDEEN

"Frae the Hardgate to Fittie he aye was in scrapes."

"Jean Findlater's Jaun."

WHEN MY BACK'S AT THE WA'.

I HAE aye fouth o' frien's when my pouches are fu',
Tho' whiles I meet auld anes whase faces are new;
But the few, the unflinching, are far frae my ca',
Wha wad stan' i' my stead when my back's at the wa'.

Weel lik'd aye, as lang's I've a shillin' to len',
An' couthily spok' where a shillin' I spen';
Yet just lat me venture to borrow but twa,
An' see how I'll speed when my back's at the wa'.

Gin' I ca' on a crony I've lang thocht a frien',
Wha aft hecht me favours when I needed nane,
He gies me advice, an' his head gies a claw,
The same as to say, man, your back's at the wa'.

Nae mair now the Mr. is mouth'd wi' my name,
I'm blythe e'en if ane say "Is —— at hame,"
And whiles at my door there's a "limb o' the law"—
An omen, I trow, that my back's at the wa'.

My braw country cousins were lang wi' me thrang,
An' courted me e'en when a wee kennin' wrang;
But now, ane by ane, they their friendship withdraw,
They wot like the lave that my back's at the wa'.

When my back's at the wa' I am nae mair a wit,
An' they wha ance lo'ed me aloof frae me sit;
I canna say aught that is clever ava,
For ane tynes his lear when his back's at the wa'.

A fig for the friendship that's preen'd to my purse,
Tho' ane hae nae siller, his heart's nane the worse;
Awa' wi' your faces, an' "black be your fa',"
Wha geck at a chiel when his back's at the wa'.

G. MORRISON.

JEAN FINDLATER'S LOUN.

THE winter was lang, an' the seed time was late,
An' the cauld month o' March sealed Tam Findlater's fate;
He dwin'd like a sna' wreath till sometime in June,
Then left Jean a widow, wi' ae raggit loun.
Jean scrapit a livin' wi' weavin' at shanks—
Jock got into scrapes—he was aye playin' pranks;
Frae the Dee to the Don he was fear'd roun' the toun—
A reckless young scamp was Jean Findlater's loun.

Jock grew like a saugh on a saft boggy brae—
He dislikit the school, an' car'd mair for his play;
Ony mischief that happened, abroad or at hame,
Whaever was guilty, Jock aye got the blame.
Gin a lantern or lozen was crackit or broke,
Nae ane i' the toun got the wite o't but Jock;
If a dog was to hang, or a kitlin to droon,
They wad cry, gie the job to Jean Findlater's loun.

He rappit the knockers—he rang a' the bells—
Sent dogs down the causeway wi' pans at their tails:
The dykes o' the gardens an' orchards he scaled—
The apples, an' berries, an' cherries he stealed.
Gin a claise rope was cuttit, or pole ta'en awa',
The neighbours declared it was Jock did it a';
Wi' his thum' at his nose, street or lane he ran doun—
A rigwoodie deil was Jean Findlater's loun.

He pelted the peatmen, e'en wi' their ain peats—
Pu'd hair frae their horse tails, then laughed at their threats.
An' on Christmas nicht, frae the Shiprow to Shore,
He claikit wi' sowens ilka shutter and door.
We hae chairs in our College for law and theology;
If ane had been vacant for trick or prankology,
Without a dissent ye micht hae votit the goun,
To sic an adept as Jean Findlater's loun.

On the forenoons o' Friday he aften was seen
Coupin' country fouks carts upside doun i' the Green,
An' where masons were workin', without ony fear,
He shoudit wi' scaffoldin' planks owre their meer.
To herrie bird's nests he wad travel for miles;
Ding owre dykes an' hedges, an' brack doun the stiles,
Swing on gentlemen's yetts, or their palin's pu doun;
Tricks and mischief were meat to Jean Findlater's loun.

He vext Betty Osley, wha threat'ned the law—
Ritchie Marchant wad chase him an' had him in awe;
Frae the Hardgate to Fittie he aye was in scrapes,
An' a' body wondered how Jock made escapes.
Jean said he was royet, *that* she maun aloo,
But he wad grow wiser the aulder he grew;
She aye took his part against a' body roun',
For she kent that her Jock was a kind-hearted loun.

At seventeen, Jock was a stout, strappin' chiel,
He had left aff his pranks, an' was now doin' weel;
In his face there was health, in his arm there was pith,
An' he learnt to be baith a farrier an' smith.
His character, noo, was unstain'd wi' a blot,
His early delinquencies a' were forgot,
Till the weel-keepit birthday of Geordie cam' roun',
Which markit the fate o' Jean Findlater's loun.

The fire-warks were owre, an' the bonfire brunt doun,
An' the crowd to Meg Dickie's gaed seekin' mair fun;
They attackit the White Ship, in rear an' in front—
Took tables an' chairs, whilk they broke an' they brunt.
Jock couldna resist it—he brunt an' he broke—
Some sax were made prisoners—among them was Jock;
Ten days in the jail, an' his miseries to croun,
Bread an' water was fare for Jean Findlater's loun.

Jock entered the Life Guards—bade Scotland adieu—
Fought bravely for laurels at fam'd Waterloo;
An' his conduct was such, that ere five years had past,
He was made, by Lord H——, master-farrier at last.
Jean's rent was aye paid, an' she still was alive
To see her brave son in the year twenty-five;
An' nane wad hae kent that the whisker'd dragoon
Was the same tricky nickem—Jean Findlater's loun.

W. ANDERSON.

EPIGRAM.

ENCOMPASS'D in an Angel's frame
An Angel's virtues lay;
The virtues werna worth the frame—
The frame was only clay.

A. ROBB.

DOINGS OF LOVE IN ST. TERNAN'S HOWE

LOVE winged his flight through Ternan's Howe,
Wi' plumage a' disordered sairly—
Ilk breast he winged his shafts upon
Repelled them back, but 't was nae fairly.

For men were cauld as icicles,
The women proud and primpit misses—
Love aye was haunted frae the doors,
Wi' jests and eke derisive hisses.

Love swore—it was a gentle oath—
That next when through the Howe he wended,
Ilk barbéd shaft a heart should gore—
His bow should be mair surely bended.

For ne'er before had Love, I ween,
Winged forth his shafts on sic a quarry;
The frozen hearts o' men and maids,
His fleetest darts could easy parry.

But time flew past, and rosy June
Came wi' its days sae sweet and sunny,
From flower to flower the humming bees
Were eident sipping sweetest honey.

Ae day—it was the langest day—
Saint Ternan's day sae sweet and flowery,
That Love came slyly to our Howe,
Swift frae the bonnie Carse o' Gowrie.

But oh! what havoc now the elf
Played wi' the hearts o' man and maiden;
Ilk shaft he flang its errand sped—
Breasts now wi' care were heavy laden.

And bachelors wha leugh at Love,
Were now like men wha are dementit;
And maidens' breasts confessed Love's flame,
Wha were before sae proud and primpit.

Mess John had cause to min' the day
That Love came back in sic a swither;
His berth is now nae sinecure,
Through joining couples fast together.

W. Hurry.

THE WOODS O' CRAIBSTON.

Air—"The Lass o' Gowrie."

While saftly fa's the evenin' dew
On rugged Drummond's purple broo,
Swift flees the croodlin' cushie doo
Aroun' the Woods o' Craibston.

Down Benachie the sun has row'd,
An' nicht unfaulds its dusky shroud—
The clouds appear like hills o' goud
Aboon the Woods o' Craibston.

The feathery, flicherin', tunefu' thrang,
'Neath gloamin's pall hae quat their sang,
Till young Aurora glint alang
The flowery leas o' Craibston.
As hameward wings the dronin' bee,
The sleepin' starnies ope their e'e,
Sae I maun seek yon birken tree,
Amang the Woods o' Craibston.

There, hid frae pryin' mortal's view,
I'll bid a' war'ly cares adieu,
An' tell how ardently I lo'e
The fairest flower o' Craibston.
The evenin' zephyrs saftly blaw,
Ye lingerin' moments haste awa,
An' bring me Jean, the flower o' a'
The peerless flowers o' Craibston.

G. GIBB.

SHOUTHER-THE-WIN'.

I DOUBTNA you 'll min' on a poor harmless creature
Did jobs at Devanha to slee Willie Black;
He owed but sma' thanks to the han' o' Dame Nature,
For she'd planted a hump on the poor body's back.
He was a bit thrawn, too, and gaylins gyke-neckit.
For aft on his shouther his head ye wad fin';
The name he was baptised I'm sure I've negleckit,
But the laddies had christened him Shouther-the-win'.

He was sadly annoy'd wi' the louns and their havers—
They cried at him names till he nearly gaed gyte;
And now he'd appear disregarding their clavers,
And now stampin', ragin', and bannin', he'd flyte.
At times he'd remonstrate and patiently roun' him
As listening to reason, the *corps* ye wad fin'—
Till at length slippin' nearer, some leader would croun 'm,
And raise the loud cry again, Shouther-the-win'!

It matter'd nae whether the bools or the buffets,
The gird, tap, or pear, at the time was the play—
We gladly relinquish'd the *nags* or the cuffets,
If Shouther-the-win' only cam' i' the way;
Ay', e'en though our *pitcher* was nearest the *mottie*—
Though we had but ae hole at the *kypies* to fin'—
We left wi' a shout the best chance or first shottie,
To just get a *chargie* frae Shouther-the-win'!

Ah! weel do I mind o't, when tired o' the chasin'—
When tired o' his flytin'—when sick o' his rage—
When tired o' appeals, "How it was sae distressin'
For youth in its frolics to meddle wi' age;"
When fairly outdone by the louns and their backers,
The big tear o' grief in his e'e ye wad fin',
And battlin' his way through his sturdy attackers.
He wad push to his duty and Shouther-the-win'!

Ah me! when this warl', wi' its cares and distresses,
Is aft like to conquer the bravest o' hearts,
When the proud turn aloof, and the rich one oppresses,
And it 's lose, lose, however ye shuffle the cartes;
When ye look for rewards when rewards are a-sharin',
But aye look in vain though ye look till ye're blin'—
I think it were weel, before fairly despairin'
To just tak' a lesson frae Shouther-the-win'.

We ken that this life is at best but a strivin'—
That we've tempests to meet, let them come when they may;
And if sweet Lady Hope is aye keepit revivin',
She' ll help us to strive through the stormiest day.
Let us never neglect, then, to flee ilk misfortune,
When honour and prudence assist us to rin,
But when warst comes to warst, spite o' forethought or courtin',
Put our heads to the stiff blast, and Shouther-the-win'!

W. CADENHEAD.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We come, we come with odorous breath,
And delicate tints of rainbow hue;
We spring from the teeming lap of earth,
Nursed by the globules of morning's dew.
When the first faint breath of genial spring
Disperses the snows of the frozen north,
And birds sail out on "downy wing,"
'Tis then we timidly peep forth.

Though blasted oft our tender buds
By the rough and bracing vernal breeze—
And torrents pour from angry clouds,
We lightly bear such ills as these—
We hang our heads in such evil hour,
And *bend* with the gale that *breaks* the tree;
And when refreshed by the summer shower,
We yield our sweets to the humming bee.

'Neath glowing skies in orient climes
We tales of love and truth convey;
A wreath oft fluently combines
Thoughts that the lips would blush to say.

We even posses medicinal powers,
To heal the diseases of man's frail frame,
And minister to him in weary hours,
And soothe the mind 'mid grief or pain.

Oh, pass us not by, ye proud ones of earth,
Nor tread us down with imperious foot;
From the same source even ye had birth—
Ye sprang from the same Almighty root.
Oh! drink of our nectar, ye lowly ones,
We would cheer you on your toilsome way,
And glad your hearts in dreary scenes,
And "whisper hope" in the darkest day.

Oh! learn the lessons that we would teach
In the brief span we flourish here,
And list to the words which now we preach,
While we bud and bloom in your lower sphere.
"E'en as a flower," so saith the Word,
"Cometh forth proud man to bloom and die;
A few short years his voice is heard,
And he *withers* into eternity."

ARCHD. I. WATSON.

PHASES OF LOVE.

THE PLOUGHMAN LAD.

Oh, licht is the heart o' the ploughman lad,
Oh, blythe is the look o' the ploughman lad,
As he turns up the sward o' the gowany lea,
He thinks on the blink o' his lassie's blue e'e.
When Saturday night comes weekly roun,'
When a' hae retired to rest 'bout the toun,
Then the ploughman he slips him slily away,
To meet wi' his jo by the brier on the brae,
Whose fragrant breath floats forth on the night,
'Neath skies that shine in the pale star-light;

He steals his arm round her slender waist,
And oft his lips to her lips are prest,
Ye gods who won on Olympus' height,
Your pleasures when compared to this are light;
For hearts that lowe wi' a holy love,
The greatest o' earthly bliss will prove.
The guileless tale o' his love tells he,
And praises the blink o' his lassie's blue e'e;
He plights his troth, when the term comes roun,
To make the lass o' his love a' his own.
Wi' his weel-hained fee he will take him a farm,
Syne marry his jo at the Martinmas term.
And aye to cement the bargain now made,
He pilfers the sweets frae the lips o' the maid,
Whose blushes are covered sae kindly by night,
Or dimly are seen in the pale star-light.

How many o' Scotia's rural maids,
Are wooed and won 'neath the evening shades,
Below the birch or spreading lime tree,
Wi' nought but the e'en o' the stars to see;
For the stars are ta'en to witness the vow,
And they seem to smile on the pair below.
May the stars still smile on each truthfu' pair,
Wha breathe their vows in the evening air,
For Innocence stamps wi' her signet ring
Their vow, and shelters them round wi' her wing.
Love wings his shafts wi' as mickle glee
In the balmy air 'neath each spreading tree,
As he does in the halls o' lordly state,
Where oft he's baffled through etiquette.
Where hearts are cauld and trained to guile,
Love never, no, never will on them smile,
But the rustic sons o' labour enjoy
The pleasures o' love without alloy.

W. Hurry.

EPITAPH.

HERE lieth one who lived (but lived not long),
As right as knew he had been often wrong;
So proud—he would not e'en to bliss be driven;
So poor—he carried all he had to heaven.

G. MURRAY.

THE YOUTHFU' BRIDE.

AIR—"Kelvin Grove."

YE ha'e left your father's ha', bonnie lassie, O—
'Twas at love an' Nature's ca', bonnie lassie, O;
Ah! oor hearts will noo think lang,
'Neath the roof that aften rang,
Wi' your hamely artless sang,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Oh! the auld folk's hearts were wae, bonnie lassie, O,
When ye left their cot for aye, bonnie lassie, O;
Though your smile they canna share,
Yet ye still are a' their care,
An' the theme o' mony a prayer,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Did cauld sorrow cloud your broo, bonnie lassie, O,
When ye bade a last adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
To the scenes whaur ye hae play'd,
To the paths whaur ye hae stray'd,
Memory's flowers that dinna fade,
Bonnie lassie, O?

Youth's bright moments winna wait, bonnie lassie, O;
We maun yield to time an' fate, bonnie lassie, O;
For youth's sweet romantic day
Like a sun-beam dies away,
Mid the morning dews o' May,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Ye hae wauken'd frae a trance, bonnie lassie, O,—
E'en frae courtship's sweet romance, bonnie lassie, O,
When the lover's life doth seem
As a blissfu' hallow'd dream
Cheer'd by fancy's sunny gleam,
Bonnie lassie, O.

Ye hae entered Hymen's bowers, bonnie lassie, O,
May you cull the sweetest flowers, bonnie lassie, O—
May your heart ne'er ken despair
When ye'er cowerin' 'neath the stare
O' the joyless e'e o' care,
Bonnie lassie, O.

G. GIBB.

MY AIN BOARD-EN'.*

I CANNA bide at e'en
Frae my ain board-en',
There's a wifie and a wean
At my ain board-en';
And a blythesome-beaming e'e
Blinks across the hameward lea,
And a dish is laid for me
On my ain board-en'.

* Board-en', a table.

But though I maun awa'
To my ain board-en',
I'll be blithe to see ye a'
At my ain board-en'.
Wit mayna aften flash,
But gossips seldom gash,
And scandals never clash
At my ain board-en'.

I hae aye a jug o' ale
On my ain board-en',
And mony a canty tale
At my ain board-en';
They are wearin' auld, I trow,
But they're better far than new,
When tauld by lips I loo
At my ain board-en'.

I hae twa-three miles to gang
To my ain board-en',
And in truth I'm thinkin' lang
For my ain board-en';
And nane will surely blame,
For, gin Bliss be worth a name,
It is worth the carrying hame
To our ain board-en'.

G. Murray.

BE COUTHIE WI' THE BAIRNIES.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
And dinna check their mirth;
To blight their harmless joy 's to pu'
The sweetest flowers on earth.

Then dinna chide them heedlessly,
Nor cauldly hear their wail—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
'Tis sad to see them weep;
Their smiles are gleams o' livin' licht,
Frae fountains warm and deep.
Their hearts are saft, and sullen looks
Gang through them wi' a knell—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
God bless their patt'rin' feet!
The walloch o' their wildest mirth
Is music saft and sweet.
It comes wi' sic a sinless sough
That broken hearts grow hale—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
And kindly clap their crown—
The cauld, unfriendly, fremit han'
Fa's never scaithless doun.
A tentie touch, a leesome look
Can work a wondrous spell—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
Though childhood's bright, it's brief;
If spar'd, they'll fin' that coming years
Hae whiles aneuch o' grief.

Then dinna let a look or word
  Owre early draw the veil—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
  They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

Be couthie wi' the bairnies, sirs,
  And mingle in their bliss;
They're welcome in anither warld,
  Though aften spurn'd in this;
The Father and the Friend o' man
  Their entrance there will hail—
Be couthie wi' the bairnies,
  They'll 'fend ye when ye're frail.

W. BREWSTER.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

O GENTLY, gently raise me up,
  On this sad bed, my spouse,
To look ance mair upon the wood
  Whaur first we changéd vows.
The spring is coming, Jeanie,
  For the trees begin to sprout;
But, ere the leaf is fully blawn,
  A secret will be out!
My heart is beatin' loud and fast,
  And ilka beat's a pang;
The deid-bell soundin' in my lug,
  Has tauld me I maun gang;
And death has come to our bed-side—
  But, oh! its hard to dee,
And pairt wi' a' I've loved sae weel—
  Yet dinna greet for me!

Last night I had a waesome dream—
What gars me tell it noo?
Methought I saw a stranger-youth
A-courtin', courtin' you;
But the willow tree hung ower ye,
For I watched its branches wave,
And the wither't bink ye sat on was
A newly covered grave!
The heavy moon was rising
On the simmer day's decline;
And deid men's banes a' glimmer't white
Beneath the pale moonshine!
Oh! 'twas a sad, ungenerous dream,
As ever dream could be,
For lang hae ye been leal and kind—
Sae dinna greet for me.

O, Jeanie, dinna look sae wae,
Upon your bairnies three:
Poor, sabbin' things, they'll break my heart,
Or I hae leave to dee!
My little lambs, wi' Heaven's help,
This warld ye'll warstle through—
Ye greet for me; O, never let
Your mither greet for you.
And Jeanie dear, our wee, wee bairn,
When toddlin' like the lave,
Ye'll tak' her down to yon kirkyard,
And show her father's grave.
There, tell her of the deathless One
That fends for her and thee;
And there she'll learn to lisp a prayer,
And dry your tears for me!

G. MURRAY.

THE GREEN, ABERDEEN.

"Or if the gardeners at the Green displayed their tempting ware."

"*Our Auld Gate-en*'."

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

O, WHA will tend me noo, Willie?
O wha will care for me?
Wi' little Jamie, puir wee thing,
Nae winnin' aff my knee;
We're i' the weary warld alane,
Wi' nane to take our pairt,
An' dowie poortith's cauldrif win'
Blaws in frae ilka airt.

Were I alane wi' nane, Willie,
I wadna fash to fear;
My broken heart nae lang wad beat,
Nor lang wad fa' the tear;
But him, my sweet, sweet smilin' bairn,
The wee pairt o' mysel',
Gin I were gane, what he micht dree—
Waes me! I canna tell.

A towmond's only gane, Willie,
Sin' we were baith made ane;
An' O, it's been a blessed time,
Our joys they've aye been green:
But lang I've kent the fairest flowers
Are aye the first to fa';
When dautit tentie i' our han',
The leaves may drap awa.

When I look i' your face, Willie,
An' min's how blest were we,
I fain wad keep you as ye are,
But O, it canna be.
The lang, the last cauld gloomy hame,
Will soon hap a' I loe,
It's open i' the auld kirkyard,
An' ca'in' for you noo.

Ye're sair, sair alter'd noo, Willie,
Your cheeks hae tint their red—
A dim, dim mist is o'er your e'en—
They're sair fa'en in your heid.
Your lips ance warm, noo pale an' cauld,
Are to your widow'd wife
A greater joy to kiss them yet,
Than ony warm wi' life.

It may be wrang o' me, Willie,
To mourn at Heav'n's decree;
But O, a lanely widow's tears
Kin' Heaven will forgi'e:
To think that a' our pleasures past
Are vanish'd into nocht,
It's mair than my sad heart can dree,
I canna bide the thocht.

The gloom o' blichted hopes, Willie,
Hae whiles hung ower our hame—
The sough o' sorrow roun' our hearth
Saw aye our love the same.
Ae smile upo' thy couthie lip,
In sorrow's mirkest nicht,
Richt eithly could bid ower me shine
A holy hallow'd licht.

I'm waif an' wae the noo, Willie,
My heart beats loud an' deep—
I daurna press my bairnie till't,
'Twad waken him frae sleep:
He doesna ken—he ne'er may ken,
The dowie life I dree:
God knows he'll waken soon aneuch
Life's bitter cup to pree.

Whause han' will guide us noo, Willie?
We canna look for yours;
A cauld, cauld warld glooms i' our face—
A breadless hame is ours.
But to that hame, far, far aboon,
Wi' Heav'n's ain help we'll cling,
In hopes to meet you there, Willie,
Afore anither spring.

W. Brewster.

MY LUCKYMINNY'S KIST.

My Lucky left to me a kist,
She hadna muckle mair to gie,
But it was pang't wi' mony a thing,
She had been gatherin' years for me—
A hunner score o' rusty preens,
Wi' sheers and thummels twenty-three.
Now, wisna this a droll auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A pair o' sheets as white's the sna—
A cushin stuff't wi' sheelin' seeds—
Twa kames—a knife—an' siller brooch;
Besides a string o' laumer beads—
A sneeshin' mull an' 'bacco doss—
A penner, an' an auld horse shee.
Now, wisna this a queer auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A manky gown, my Lucky wore—
A cockernony, plaited weel—
Twa knots o' ribbons, blue an' white—
An' thairm to mount a spinnin' wheel;

Likewise, my Lucky's scarlet cloak—
A braw guidwife I trow was she.
Now, wisna this a weel-lined kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

My Luckydaddy's auld brown wig—
His bonnet an' his blue boot-hose—
Twa pair o' specks, besides the caup
For forty years had held his brose—
A rantree stick—a spur—a whip
He rode to fairs wi' jauntilie.
Now, wisna this a braw auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

A Bible, an' a pair o' cards—
A psalm book— an' auld Ramsay's rhymes—
A pack o' cairts—a razor strap—
An' Spaldin's "Troubles o' his Times."
A bottle fu' o' usquebae—
An' Almanac for Ninety-three.
Now, wisna this a funny kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

Twa set o' wires for weavin' shanks—
Wi' worset, baith in hanks an' clews—
An' linen, mair than thirty ells—
An' plaidin' to mak coats and trews.
Sic lots o' buttons—bits o' twine—
Auld keys and corks, you'll seldom see.
Now, wisna this a gay auld kist
My Luckyminny left to me?

Four pairs o' blankets, saft an' warm—
A dozen sarks—forbye twa coats;
An' i' the locker, in a clout,
Was safely row't a hunner *notes;*

An' in a hose, beside it, lay
  Just fifty crowns—I sanna lee!
Now, wisna this a rich auld kist
  My Luckyminny left to me?

W. Anderson.

WE GANG BY THE HAULS.

We needna look pridefu', e'en tho' we're a wee
Aboon our door neighbour in warldly degree;
We mae sair need his help gin the en' o' the year,
For to gang by the hauls as lang as we're here.

Just look at our Annie, sae gleg an' sae slee,
Fu she clings roun' an' roun' by her ain mither's knee;
If she quat but her grip, she's o'er i' the fleer—
Like her we need hauls as lang as we're here.

If whiles she may doit frae a chair to the wa'
When chasin' the dog or the cat—there's a fa';
On her head's there's a lump, in her e'e there's a tear—
We a' get the same, an need hauls while we're here.

But gin she be spar'd for a towmond an' weel,
She'll dance thro' the house like a totum at Yule;
But I then maun instruct her alang wi' her lear,
That she'll aye need the hauls as lang as she's here.

O, could we but learn ilk ither to help,
An' aye as she passed gie misfortune a skelp,
A couthier face this auld warld wad wear,
For we gang by the hauls as lang as we're here.

W. Brewster.

THE LAVEROCK'S SANG.

Up and awa, wi' a sang o' glee,
The laverock springs frae the flowery lea,
Scatt'ring its strains wi' a prodigal mirth,
Till they fa' like dews on the listening earth;
Till they ring through the azure ha's aboon
Like the echoes o' the angels' tune,
Or stop in the midst o' a gushin' strain
As if its wee heartie had burst in twain,
While it sinks wi' a sudden stoop and hover
To its nest 'mong the honey blabs o' clover.
While ye watch the speck in the sunny cloud,
And listen the lay, now low, now loud,
While its silver notes in your ears are ringing,
Wad ye ken what the wee winged bard is singing?
'T is thus that the bairnies interpret the lays,
As they wander in groups o'er the gowany braes—
"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen,
But benisons, benisons, mair than three
That look at my eggies, and lat them be!"

When the spring wi' the licht o' its youthfu' prime
Has ripened to balmy summer time;
When its fragrant blossom the hawthorn sheds
Like breathings o' love through the woodland glades,
And ye seem to see the saft winds as they pass
Wi' a stoop and a kiss o'er the waving grass;
And the rose looks out frae its palace fair,
And spreads a' its charms to the amorous air;
And the butterfly flits, like an angel-flower,
On noiseless wings frae bower to bower;

And the fair wee clouds o' the lily hue
Are dreaming alang o'er the sky's deep blue;
Up, up 'mang their faulds there's a wee bird flutters
And this is the gentle strain that it utters—
"Malisons, malisons. mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen;
But benisons, benisons, mair than three
That look at my eggies, and lat them be!"

O! bonnie wee bairnies, sae guileless and sweet,
Pu'in' the wild flowers that spring 'mang your feet,
Deckin' the broos o' your lassock-loves
Wi' flowers o' the meadows, or blooms o' the groves,
Or necklaces stringin' o' dandelion stalks,
As ye prattle alang on your innocent walks—
O cherish the sang that the laverocks sing,
O earn the blessing the laverock wad bring!
If the blooms o' the clover should tempt you to pass
'Mang the waving tufts o' the meadow grass,
And the laverock's laigh hame, like a bountiful prize,
Be spread to the gaze o' your wondering eyes,
And its fine little eggies, sae sleek and sae fair,
Might tempt you to steal them—beware! beware!
Far up in the sky there's a wee heart fluttering,
And this is the prayer that heartie's uttering—
Hark! do you hear it? it rings sae clear
That ilka sweet wordie fa's saft on the ear—
"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen;
But benisons, benisons mair than three
That look at my eggies, and lat them be!"

W. Cadenhead.

DINNA FORGET.

O DINNA forget, lassie, dinna forget,
Lat's baith look wi' joy to the day that we met;
Tho' its lang, lang sinsyne, an' sorrow's been mine,
Ye've ne'er been forgotten, sae dinna forget.
Do ye min' on the burnie that steals thro' the heather,
Whaur ye sat on ae side an' me on the ither?
What our young hearts thocht then, after years canna ken,
But we soon sat on ae side—sae dinna forget.

Cauld, cauld's been the warld, an' far o'er 't I've been,
Sin' the last time we parted wi' tears i' our e'en;
But amidst a' my cares ye've been aye i' my prayers—
Ye've ne'er been forgotten, sae dinna forget.
To Him that watch'd o'er us our thanks let us blend,
As we've lang been His care, may it last till the end;
Where life's morning arose we may see the day close;
Ye've ne'er been forgotten—sae dinna forget.

Biographical Notes

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ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

THESE pieces were doubtless taken from the *Aberdeen Herald*, in which they had appeared without signature. An effort has been made to trace their authorship, but in most cases without success. It is probable that they were the effusions of some youthful bards written in that period which occurs in the life of most of us when prose is ineffectual to express the emotions of the heart. Perhaps, as happens to us all, the tares of this world rose and choked their aspirations after higher things. At anyrate, it is unlikely that much else had been written by them, otherwise, had they left some trace of themselves behind, and a search in such a mine of information as the "Bards of Bon-Accord" would not have failed to find any reference to them.

"Dinna Forget" was certainly written by William Brewster (*q.v.*) "to fill up the last page." It appears in the collection of his poems published after his death.

The *nom de plume* of "Sigma" was one of several used by John Ramsay, M.A., and it may be that the piece "To Rosa," printed in "The Lintie," is from his pen. He was a man of many accomplishments, having been in his day private tutor, secretary to Joseph Hume, M.P., a teacher in Gordon's Hospital, and latterly editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*. He died in 1870. His literary works, which had been contributed to periodicals and newspapers, were collected and published in 1871 by the late Alexander Walker, LL.D.

On some of the outside covers of the former edition of "The Lintie" was printed a list of the names of the contributors, and amongst them appeared the name of Stratton. None of the pieces inserted in the collection, however, bears his name, nor is he remembered at all by those who were contemporaneous with its publication, and who were then taking an interest in such things.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Among the lyrical pieces appearing in "The Lintie" there is none sweeter than that bearing the modest title of "The Smile," written by William Anderson, the well known author of "Jean Findlater's Loun" and "My Luckyminny's Kist," effusions redolent of the old days. His was a genuine poetic inspiration. "When the imaginative writing of one individual, either in prose or verse, comes home to the heart of another, that writing is poetry." Such was Anderson's own expressed opinion, and few pieces he wrote but find their way to the heart.

Anderson was born in the Green of Aberdeen in the year 1802. Starting life as a coppersmith, he had on account of ill-health to give up this calling and take employment in a factory in the Windmill Brae. He followed this occupation till his 47th year, when he joined the Harbour Police.

He commenced to rhyme at an early age, but being dissatisfied with these youthful effusions, he destroyed them without their seeing the light of day. Here the name must be mentioned of one to whom the poetry of the North of Scotland owes a great debt of gratitude. Mr. Adam, the editor of the *Aberdeen Herald*, a cultured and kind-hearted man, whose name occurs again and again in the annals of the poets of his time as the generous patron and guide of those whom his just taste and wise discrimination judged to be possessed of poetic gifts, was attracted by something Anderson had written, and he was added to the select band of poetical contributors to the *Herald*.

As a poet, Anderson specially excelled in the painting of character. In a few rapid, well chosen lines he conjured up to the fancy the living image of his subject. Coming in contact, in the course of his employment, with the "wastrel gangrel bodies" and well known characters of the town, these were often chosen by him as themes for his pieces; but it is pleasant also to learn of him that his employment afforded him opportunities to do many a good deed, and that he helped in a spirit of broad-minded charity and

Christian kindliness of heart many a darkened and wounded life to climb back into the light.

Anderson continued in the service of the Police, rising to the rank of lieutenant, till his death in 1867. His published works are:—

"Rhymes, Reveries, and Reminiscences": Printed at the *Herald* Office, 1851; and a second edition, containing some pieces not included in the former edition, published after his death in 1867.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

William Brewster wrote a good many excellent poetical pieces in his time. They were not, however, collected by him in any permanent form. His extreme modesty and a strange dread of publicity made him confine much of his work to his home circle. He took a great interest, however, in the publication of "The Lintie," writing the Preface to it and "Dinna Forget" "to fill up the last page."

Born in the parish of Gartly, on 25th December, 1820, Brewster received his early education at a dame's school. Book learning was not so highly prized in these days, and he was early withdrawn from this fount of knowledge and sent to herd cattle, his further school education being limited to a few winter "raiths" under the parish dominie.

He early took to versification, it being recorded that while still in his teens he had the hardihood to lampoon the Presbytery of Strathbogie "in a string of pithy, singable verses."

Having married when about twenty, he removed to Aberdeen to work at the trade of granite polisher, to which he had previously served an apprenticeship. In the city he met with many congenial spirits, with whom, on account of his qualities of head and heart, and his skill in song craft, he was ever a welcome guest at their gatherings held in the various "houffs" of the time.

About the year 1847, he became a clerk in the office of the city police, and was in that employment when "The Lintie" (in the preparation of which, as already mentioned,

he was one of the moving spirits), was issued from the press. He subsequently sojourned for a time in Banff, having taken an appointment in the police there, but returning to Aberdeen about 1860, he resumed his trade of granite polisher.

It is told of him that he took a great interest in young lads, who, conscious of the deficiences of their early education, desired to improve themselves, "and in his humble home, often without fee, and after a long day's work, he would teach them night after night in writing and arithmetic, and guide their reading in poetry and history." Unfortunately, he never turned the talents he undoubtedly possessed to the betterment of his own position, and latterly he was often heard to regret his lost oppprtunities. In his last days his health failed, and for some years before his death, which took place on 27th August, 1897, he had been unfitted for work.

One who knew Brewster well, and who is a capable judge, as well as a recognised authority in matters poetical, describes his abilities as having been of a high order, and likely to have led him, in other circumstances, to a high place amongst the minor poets of Scotland.

In 1898 a collection was made of Brewster's best pieces, which, under the editorship of Mr. William Walker, the author of "Bards of Bon-Accord," was published in that year from the *Free Press* Office, Aberdeen, under the title of "Poems and Songs by William Brewster, one of 'The Aberdeenshire Lintie' poets."

WILLIAM CADENHEAD.

Cadenhead was born on 6th April, 1819, in the neighbourhood of Poynernook, a district of Aberdeen obliterated by the building of the Joint Station. His early circumstances were humble, and with little schooling, he commenced to earn his living at a very tender age, as a factory hand.

It is said that the reading of Beattie's "Minstrel" first fired his enthusiasm for poetry. It is certain that he took to the writing of verse at a very early period of his life, for while

engaged at Springarden Factory he wrote in his spare time a poem, which, published in his twentieth year, brought him into notice locally. This poem, entitled "The Prophecy: a prospective poem in three cantos," was founded on the well-known prophecy about the Brig o' Balgownie. After its publication, Cadenhead removed to Liverpool, having obtained an appointment as overseer in a factory there. On his return to Aberdeen, after several years absence, he took employment at Broadford Works, continuing to apply himself diligently, after working hours, to the task of self-improvement. He read widely, but developed a special taste for subjects of antiquarian interest.

In the year 1847 he began his connection with the *Aberdeen Herald*, becoming, during the following six years, a regular contributor to that paper, of verses dealing mostly with matters of local interest.

In 1853 Mr. Cadenhead published a collection of his poems under the title of "Flights of Fancy and Lays of Bon-Accord," a work extending to 332 pages. About the time of its publication he entered the service of a wholesale wine and spirit merchant in Aberdeen, ultimately succeeding to the business. Though actively engaged in commerce, he continued a frequent contributor to the periodical and newspaper press, devoting much of his spare time to writing.

He was a man of a sympathetic, kind, and lovable nature, and his death, which took place on the 11th December, 1904, at the ripe age of 85, was sincerely mourned by a host of friends.

Amongst Mr. Cadenhead's papers, after his death, there was found the following fragment that had evidently been intended by him to preface a collection of his later poems :—

"For a good many years—more than half a century—I have been writing verse. In 1839 I published one small volume, and another, a larger one, in 1853. Since then I have amused myself in leisure hours in the same rhyming way, for I have for sixty-five of the seventy-nine years of my life been always in active employment. As it is not likely that I shall versify much more, I have resolved to make an 'Ingathering' of my later verses, and as my friends say they would be pleased to have this collection, I wish to gratify them in this respect, and I must confess that it will also be a gratification to myself. If I am spared to have a little more leisure now than I have hitherto had, I think it will be a pleasure to me to dip occasionally into these verses in a collected form,

and recall the many pleasant associations connected with what suggested them. . . . I have never been either indifferent to, or greedy of, praise, and am quite willing to accept the conclusion of a fellow-singer—

> . sing thy song, and do thy deed,
> And hope thy hope, and pray thy prayer;
> And claim no crown they will not give,
> Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair."

Mr. Cadenhead did not, however, survive to carry out this intention, but his representatives taking the matter up after his death, a handsome volume, extending to 232 pages, of his later poems, under the editorship of Mr. William Walker, and with the appropriate title of "Ingatherings" was issued in 1905 by Mr. William Smith of the Bon-Accord Press, Aberdeen. A life-like portrait of Mr. Cadenhead with the never-failing flower in his buttonhole—he was an ardent lover of flowers—is the frontispiece to this volume, which also contains an introduction by the editor, giving a sketch of his life and a criticism of his literary work.

WILLIAM CARNIE.

Mr. Carnie, who contributed two pieces to "The Lintie," is perhaps the best known of the band of writers who once made the *Aberdeen Herald*, under the editorship of Adam, famous in its day. He was "ane o' oor ain bairns," having been born in Aberdeen in the year 1824. An idea of his early circumstances may be gleaned from a remark of his own—"I have earned my living from the time I was eleven years of age."

He was apprenticed early in life to an engraver and lithographic printer in the Netherkirkgate of Aberdeen. The engraver's workshop was the rendezvous of many of the local poetical and singing fraternity of the time, among them being Thom, the Inverurie poet, and Denham, both of whom are represented by the best examples of their work in "The Lintie."

Mr. Carnie in his day distinguished himself in many walks of life, not only in the work-a-day world, but in the domain

of literature and music. He was Inspector of Poor, Reporter and Editor. and lastly, for many years he filled the important posts of Treasurer to the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary and Asylum Boards. It was while acting as Inspector of Poor at Banchory-Devenick, that he held the appointment of precentor in the Parish Church, and commenced the study of Psalmody, which, after many years of unremitting toil, bore fruit in the issue under his editorship, in the year 1872, of the "Northern Psalter." Seventy thousand copies of the work have been sold, a sufficient indication of the wide recognition this, his chief musical work, has justly received.

The success which attended Mr. Carnie's efforts in so many spheres of activity is traceable in no small degree to his untiring devotion to work. It is written of him in his early years that—"While the whole of his working day and often part of the night were devoted to the routine of newspaper work and music, Mr. Carnie started a class for instruction in Shorthand in Grant's School, Back Wynd, and during a whole summer had over one hundred pupils under his tuition by six o'clock in the morning."

In the year 1887 Mr. Carnie collected and published his poems under the title of "Waifs of Rhyme" (Aberdeen J. & P. Edmond & Spark), and this work has reached a second edition, issued in 1890.

On his resigning, in 1897, the appointment of Clerk and Treasurer to the Royal Infirmary and Asylum, after thirty-six years of service, he was presented by the citizens of Aberdeen with his portrait, painted by Sir George Reid. This portrait is now in the Art Gallery of Aberdeen. Leisure in Mr. Carnie's case did not mean idleness. He had been too long used "to scorn delights and live laborious days" to find rest and happiness in inactivity. In 1902 he published a bulky volume of "Reporting Reminiscences," giving an account of the chief events in the political, social, artistic, dramatic and musical life of Aberdeen, from 1850 to 1861. Yielding to many urgent requests, Mr. Carnie, immediately on its publication, set to work to bring these "Reminiscences" down to a later date, and some idea of the wonderful activity of the man may be formed from the fact that a second and companion volume was issued in 1904, and a third and last volume in 1906.

Mr. Carnie died on 2nd January, 1908. He, himself, treated his poetical gifts very modestly. It was a favourite quotation of his:—

> "I softly trill my sparrow reed,
> Blest if but one should like the twitter;
> Humbly I lay it down to heed
> A music and a minstrel fitter."

He paid court to the muses only in intervals of other literary work, but good judges of verse unite in according to his poetical work a high meed of praise.

THOMAS DENHAM.

Where Tom Denham was born, and what manner of death he died, are facts unknown to history. It is guessed that the former episode in his career took place in Edinburgh. His father, who was in the Militia, settled in Aberdeen as a shoemaker, on the disbanding of his regiment. Bred to the same trade, Tom served with his father till, in early manhood, he went to Edinburgh to perfect himself in the craft. Returning to Aberdeen, a clever and accomplished workman, he set up in business on his own account. His skill, had it been combined with solidity of character and attention to business, would have secured his certain success. But Denham, who could sing a good song, was in great request among the "convivials" of the time. Too ready to sacrifice the interests of his business to the calls of boon companionship, he did not stick long to his last, and giving up shoemaking, he set up as "mine host" of the "Royal Oak," in Huxter Row of Aberdeen. Here he gathered round him the musical and literary Bohemians of the town. The "Acorn Club," in whose membership were to be found John Imlah, a notable song-writer, John Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Adam of the *Herald*, held its meetings here on Fridays, passing the evening in "song-singing, speech-making, and whisky punch."

Thom, "the Inverurie Poet," was a visitor at the "Royal Oak" when he made a journey into Aberdeen, and his well remembered gift of conversation, seconded by Denham's

musical and histrionic powers, made such occasions memorable in the short-lived history of the "Royal Oak." The end of that venture was not, however, far off, and the year 1844 saw him with a wife and family, penniless, not knowing where to turn for a livelihood.

At this juncture Denham made a collection of the poetical effusions which he had from time to time contributed to the local press, and with the assistance of Mr. John Forbes Robertson, and the influence of Thom, who had removed to London, he succeeded in having them published by Smith, Elder & Co., London, the dedication being to Professor Wilson, who had looked over several of the poems, and had written to the editor of the *Aberdeen Herald*, saying he had found much merit in Denham's compositions. This new venture was like his others—a failure. It contained a few passable lyrics, but was ruined as a whole by the snatches of prose, which consisted of a vulgar production, intended to be humorous, which he titled "The Nose."

Denham next turned his attention to the stage. He seems to have had a certain talent for low comedy, and had appeared now and again in pieces in the old Marischal Street Theatre. He accordingly left Aberdeen in 1847 to go to America, with the object of finding employment on the stage. Whether he succeeded better there than at home, or whether the same misfortune continued to assail his careless happy heart, has never been known.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

Mr. Fraser was born in Aberdeen in the end of October, 1843. Apprenticed to John Avery, printer, at the age of 13, he began to take an interest in books, and during the seven years of his apprenticeship, he applied himself diligently to self-improvement. He then made his first ventures in the art of composition, he and a young friend improving themselves in this subject by the mutual exchange and criticism of items of original prose and verse.

Mr. T. C. Watson, who compiled "The Lintie" was at that time foreman printer to Mr. Avery, and unknown to

Mr. Fraser, "The Evening Star," which he had written, while still in his teens, was included in the collection.

At the close of his apprenticeship, Mr. Fraser served for a short time in the office of *The Aberdeen Journal*, subsequently leaving Aberdeen and filling the posts of reporter and sub-editor on the staffs of certain southern newspapers, including *The Edinburgh Courant* and *The Perthshire Advertiser*.

Returning to Aberdeen, in 1889, as sub-editor to *The Aberdeen Journal*, he retained that position till the unfortunate failure of his eyesight compelled him to resign it a few years ago. Mr. Fraser is now the last survivor of "The Lintie" poets.

GEORGE GIBB.

Gibb was born in the vicinity of the new Bridge of Don in the year 1826, and was another of "The Lintie" poets who started life in a factory. While a hand in the Stoneywood Paper Mills, Mr. James Adam, the editor of *The Aberdeen Herald*, became interested in him, and by his influence Gibb was provided with more congenial employment in the service of the Great North of Scotland Railway Co., becoming afterwards station master at Kennethmont. Meeting with an accident while in the employment of the Company, he returned to Stoneywood, and there ended his days on 3rd January, 1884.

Mr. Gibb, who was possessed of genuine poetic gifts, wrote a good deal of verse in his day. He was a regular contributor to the *Herald*, and occasional pieces of his also appeared in the Peterhead papers.

WILLIAM HURRY.

William Hurry was born at Learney, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, on the 29th March, 1807. His father, who was a gardener, having found employment at Woodside in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, young Hurry obtained his early education there in a seminary to which he subsequently alluded in one of his best pieces—"Thoughts o' the Past"

"Oh, lives there ane forby mysel,' o' a' the merry corps
Wha at the Printfield and Auchmull held many a stirring splore
Wi' bools at kipe an' ring, and eke wi' shinny at the ba'
When we wan oot frae Mackay's squeel, held in the Printfield Kaw."

Hurry chose to follow his father's vocation, and was apprenticed as a gardener at Aboyne Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Huntly. He early developed a taste for reading, spending most of his spare time in the perusal of books, making himself complete master of what he read by a habit of constant reflection, fostered doubtless by his calling.

After completing his apprenticeship, he was gardener successively at Glack House and Banchory Lodge. While at Banchory he made his first attempts at verse-making, and frequent contributions of poems, ballads, and songs appeared at that time in *The Aberdeen Herald* over the initials "W. H."

In 1853 he removed from Banchory to Aboyne Castle, where he became gardener to the Marquis of Huntly, in whose employment he remained till his retirement from active work in 1876. Most of his writing had been done while at Banchory. His latter days were passed in reading and meditation. He died at Aboyne on the 31st October, 1890, at the age of 83.

DAVID LOWE.

David—generally known amongst his fellows as "Davy"—was a native of Kirkcaldy, but came to Aberdeen when very young. He commenced his apprenticeship as a compositor in the *Herald* office, and with the exception of a few months' absence, during which he temporarily edited the *Peterhead Sentinel*, he was there till he left Aberdeen. Lowe was greatly respected amongst his professional brethren, and held office as President of the local branch of the Typographical Association for several terms, and did so on one occasion continuously for three years. He is described as having been possessed of "considerable and various abilities. As a debater he could take a comprehensive and cool survey of the position of his antagonist, a faculty which, aided by a powerful memory, made him a

formidable opponent." And again—"He was not only an excellent workman, but had an extensive knowledge of English literature, especially in the field of poetry." He held office among the Free Masons, was connected with several societies in Aberdeen organised for purposes of self-culture, and was held in high esteem amongst their members, not only for his abilities, but on account of his kindly, obliging disposition, so that when he left Aberdeen for an appointment in Liverpool, he was made the recipient of many tokens of appreciation. The news of his death of typhus fever, which took place in Liverpool, on 22nd March, 1866, only about a fortnight after he left Aberdeen, came as a painful shock to his many friends there.

JOHN MILNE.

John Milne, born in Aberdeen in the year 1791, was the son of a sailor who died at Weymouth in 1796. He was reared in the Workhouse (afterwards The Boys and Girls' Hospital) and with the smattering of education obtainable at such an institution, was apprenticed at the age of twelve to a shoemaker. Shortly after serving his time he joined the army, but on the reduction of the Army in 1814 was discharged, and returned to his trade in Aberdeen. "And now being under no restraint"—he says—"further than the laudable necessity of earning my livelihood, I commenced an addition to my ordinary vocation—that of an amateur student, gratifying myself with what I thought were some rare specimens of poetical scribbling; but I was soon cured of this conceit, for no periodical would insert them."

His next move was to enter the service of the Post Office as a letter-carrier and clerk, but he left it after a year to commence business on his own account as a shoemaker. He had for long been diligently repairing the deficiencies of his early education, and as the expenses of a rapidly increasing family—he had married about the time of leaving the Post Office—were beginning to press heavily upon him, he supplemented his income by giving instruction in arithmetic to a few trades lads in the evening. Literary work, too, was not being neglected, and a cessation of fifteen minutes from

work would now and then be utilised by him to produce a stanza or a paragraph. In 1831 he published a metrical tale in four cantos entitled "The Widow and her Son, or the Runaway, a Borough Tale of 1782."

In 1832 there followed a small volume of pieces in prose and verse, but owing to the failure of its publisher, it resulted in a pecuniary loss to its author, which, he remarks, cured him of authorship for some time.

In 1834, some changes taking place in the Post Office staff, Milne was again appointed a letter-carrier, which position he held for 35 years. Much of the autobiography which he prefixed to the second edition of "The Widow and her Son," issued with notes and other productions in prose and verse in 1851, was taken up with an account of the Post Office arrangements in Aberdeen in these days.

In 1845 he published a volume entitled "Twelve Essays, with occasional illustrations in verse" (Aberdeen: Lewis Smith), which contained, not only essays on such diverse subjects as "The Study of Literature and Science," "Music," "Slavery," "Imagination Compared with Reality," "Duelling," "Oaths and Vows," etc., but included an original novelette styled "Cromlett, a Tale of the 18th Century."

Finally severing his connection with the Post Office, he took to his trade again, but hard times came upon him, and he was likely to have felt the pinch of poverty, when, by the exertions of a few citizens, a small annuity was secured to him from the Town Council, which, however, he did not live long to enjoy. He died on 31st December, 1865.

GEORGE MORRISON.

George Morrison was born at Stanryhowe, Cuminestown, Parish of Monquhitter. He was brought up in his grandfather's house there, and was educated at the Parish School. On leaving school, he was apprenticed to a carpenter in the district, and on the expiry of his apprenticeship he removed to Aberdeen. Success did not, however, follow him to the city, and it is suggested that the theme of his verses, "When my Back's at the Wa'," which appears in "The Lintie," and

in the District Lands Register Office in Aberdeen, and when the local registers were transmitted to the Register House in Edinburgh he went along with them. He died in Edinburgh in the year 1877.

Petrie contributed largely to newspapers and periodicals, and published two volumes of poems, viz.—"The Last Hope and other Poems": Edinburgh, 1853; and "Love Lyrics and Lays of War and Peace": London 1859.

ALEXANDER ROBB.

Alexander Robb, better known to Aberdonians as Deacon Robb, owing to his having held the office of deacon of the Tailor Trade of Aberdeen, was by calling a merchant tailor. Business, and the affairs of his native city, engrossed his chief attention. The local politics of the day afforded him the chief themes for his effusions. Born in Aberdeen, in 1781, all his life was passed there in a quite unpoetical ease and contentment. Yet he had a wonderful catholicity of taste, for we read of him that "in early life he was a member of various musical and dramatic societies, and for sometime acted as clerk in St. Paul's Chapel. He was a fugleman in Finlason's Volunteers, and was already known as a poetaster who could turn with considerable dexterity either a lilt for some Trades Dinner or Hortus Club, or a parody or skit on some matter engrossing the public attention." There were occasions however, when the Deacon's fancy took loftier flights, and these are represented by several good songs.

Yielding to the solicitations of friends, he collected and published some of his best pieces in the year 1852. The volume, which extends to 194 pages, was published by Lewis Smith and William Stevenson, Aberdeen, under the title of "Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect and on Subjects of Local Interest," and contained a dedication "to the Honourable the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Aberdeen."

The deacon could sing a good song. He possessed a fund of broad rich humour, was a genial host, and altogether of a most sociable disposition. He died at the age of 78, in December, 1859.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

John Robertson (John Forbes-Robertson), was born in Aberdeen in the year 1822, and received his education at the Grammar School and Marischal College, Aberdeen. While at College he contributed regularly to the two local papers *The Constitutional* and *Aberdeen Herald*, displaying a distinct talent for musical and art criticism. Leaving Aberdeen at the age of 22, he went to London to enter upon a business career, which a little later he abandoned to study at University College. Desiring to further educate his mind in the direction of its favourite bent, he made a visit to several of the art centres of Europe, and on his return to this country he became a contributor to the leading art periodicals of the day. He is the author of a valuable work entitled "The Great Painters of Christendom, from Cimabue to Wilkie," as also of smaller works, including the lives of George Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyck, Rosa Bonheur, and Gustave Doré.

Mr. Robertson possessed an inexhaustible store of Scottish song and ballad lore. He claimed to have rescued from oblivion the well known fragment of a song, "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," having heard it as "a street stroud at the head of the Gallowgate," and taken it down fresh from the lips of the street minstrels, part of whose repertory it was.

He retained through life a keen interest in the literature of his native county. The friend and kindly helper of all Northern bards, he was on terms of intimate friendship with Thom, "the Inverurie poet." He did not, except on very rare occasions, himself cultivate the muse. That is a circumstance to be regretted. Nothing sweeter has been written than "The Father's Lullaby" by any of the minor poets of Scotland. The subject of these verses is said to have been Mr. Robertson's son, the gifted actor, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson.

For about a dozen years before his death, which took place in London, on 25th February, 1903, he had suffered from partial blindness. Notwithstanding that affliction, accompanied as it was, latterly, by enfeebled health, he paid

frequent visits to his native city, where he was fond of meeting old friends of kindred tastes, and going over with them again the songs and ballads he loved.

He is described as unlike most of his countrymen, being of a temperament vivacious, eager, and emotional. He was possessed of a highly aesthetic faculty, was a ready and cultured writer, and an eloquent and polished speaker.

PETER STILL.

Still was the son of a small farmer in the district of Buchan' Aberdeenshire, and was born on the 1st of January, 1814. His father, though in comfortable circumstances at the time of his birth, was soon after reduced to poverty as the result of a litigation with the proprietor of his farm. At the age of seven or eight he was sent to school by a brother of his mother, but his school days were doomed to be of short duration, as his uncle did not long survive, and his parents were unable to continue his education. He had, however, been introduced to literature through the medium of Scott's "Beauties of Eminent Writers," and he tells how his heart thrilled responsive to the beauties of Gray's "Elegy," Parnell's "Hermit," "Hohenlinden," and extracts from the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Thomson's Seasons," besides pieces from Scott, Byron, and Burns, which comprised the rich intellectual feast provided for him within its pages.

At the age of eleven he was "feed" to a farmer to tend cattle, and from that time onward he not only earned his own living but assisted his parents, who were requiring his help. It was the custom in these days for the rural population to make early marriages, and Still took this step while in his teens.

Poor Still's life was a short one, filled with incessant toil. Giving up farm work, he became a day labourer. Breaking stones, casting peats, hedging and ditching, from five in the morning till seven or eight at night, his wages being 8d. per 100 barrowfuls for peat-casting, and 4d. per ton for breaking stones, he kept up a determined battle with poverty. Yet in these circumstances he developed the inclination, and

found the time to cultivate the muses. Periods of sickness, or of idleness enforced by bad weather, afforded him the opportunities—a genuine poetic inspiration did the rest.

An avidious reader of everything coming to his hand, but with very limited access to books, he took especial delight in the works of Burns and Tannahill. Taking to metrical composition very early, his work did not reach mediocrity till he was about 24 years old. About that time he became acquainted with other local poets, among them Thom, Mathers, and George Murray. It was chiefly owing to Murray's kindly advice and sympathy that he was induced to launch upon the world his first little craft of song. In the spring of 1839 he published a collection of poems which proved a success, and he set about preparing a new edition which was not, however, published till the year 1842, when, as a booklet of 66 pages, it was issued from the press of Robert King, Peterhead, under the fantastic title of "Rustic Rhymes, Sangs an' Sonnets, by Peter Still, Poet Laureate to his Royal Highness the Prince of Poverty and Bard-in-Chief over the District of Buchan." This venture met with a very good reception. Mr. Adam, of the *Aberdeen Herald*, wrote of the work in terms of high praise. By southern papers Still was described as "a gifted son of toil," and contributions of verse from his pen appeared in various newspapers and magazines.

All this increase of reputation does not seem to have had the effect of ameliorating Still's worldly condition greatly, for we find him laid aside in the autumn of the same year with a severe attack of rheumatism brought on through a chill caught while cutting ditches. This period of idleness he utilised in preparing a new volume of poems and songs, which was published in 1844 by George and Robert King, St. Nicholas Street, Aberdeen. It was very favourably received, and was a means of raising up for him many friends, among them Mr. Robert Chambers, the well known Edinburgh publisher. One learns from the preface to this edition that for eight years its author had been totally deprived of the sense of hearing, in consequence of which his speech had also become affected, and it is with a strong sentiment of pity we find him for these reasons claiming the indulgence of his readers "if his verses should be found harsh and tuneless," since "the voice of spring, the warblings of

summer, the autumnal gale, or the howl of winter, are but to him like the recollections of a dream. Pent up in a region of perpetual silence, to him all is mute: insensible alike of his own articulation and the lisping accents of his little children."

Immediately after the issue of this last volume, Still commenced to prepare a new edition, and by March, 1845, he had finished, as a leading poem for the contemplated volume, "The Cottar's Sunday," which he considered the best of all his poems. At this time he visited Edinburgh in quest of subscribers to the new edition, meeting in the journey Professor Wilson and Robert Gilfillan, the poet.

"The Cottar's Sunday and other Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" was published by G. and R. King, Aberdeen, in the summer of 1845, and Still again visited the south to deliver the copies to the subscribers. The Royal Literary Fund made him a grant of £30, and the receipts from the sale of his work were very gratifying. Better days seemed to be in store for Still, but already his health was completely broken. After two years of rapidly declining strength, he breathed his last on the 21st March, 1848.

In estimating the value of his work, "The Cottar's Sunday" has been recognised as breathing the spirit of true poetry, while his poem, entitled "A Real Vision" which deals with the state of the country in the days of the bread tax, is considered the best example of his powers. His songs are instinct with melody and sweetness.

As a man, his buoyant happy nature, his manly independence of character, his frank and generous way of looking at everybody and everything from their best side, his brave battle with toil and poverty—these are the heritage of his simple life, left to enrich for all time the story of his race.

> "He held his hands to catch the dew,
> He made a harp for God to touch,
> And kept his soul so pure and fair
> We found God's face reflected there."

BENJAMIN STRONG.

STRONG was the only one of "The Lintie" poets hailing originally from south of the Tweed, having been born in Southampton. He served his apprenticeship as a compositor in Salisbury, but came to Aberdeen about the year 1847, and was employed till his death, on 17th January, 1866—a period of 19 years—in the office of *The Aberdeen Herald*. He was an active member of the Aberdeen Branch of the Scottish Typographical Association, and held, at the date of his death, the position of Secretary. At the Aberdeen Printer's Festival, held on the evening of the day of his death, the President of the Association, in referring to Strong, said that it was through his individual exertions that they were then met in that fine hall (Crown Court Hall, Union Street), and that he was a man who gave his time and talents for the benefit of his fellow-workmen ungrudgingly.

Strong is described as having been a very intelligent man, well read in history and general literature, and very fond of poetry. He was for many years an enthusiastic worker in the cause of temperance, and took an active part in all matters relating to the interests of his trade.

WILLIAM THOM.

THOM was born in Sinclair's Close, Justice Port, Aberdeen. The date of his birth is uncertain. About the end of 1798, or the beginning of 1799, has been accepted as nearly correct. The inscription on his tombstone gives the date as December, 1788, a difference of ten years, but that is considered an error. His father died, leaving the family unprovided for. Thom was thus early doomed to a life of penury and toil, which was further clouded by an accident which happened to him in his infancy, rendering him permanently lame. His early education was received at "a wifie's skweel," which Thom himself has described in a piece of inimitable prose. His school days were, however, of short

duration, for from the biographical sketch by Mr. Skinner, which forms the introduction to the "Rhymes and Recollections," published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley, in 1880, we learn that Thom was apprenticed at the age of ten to a firm of manufacturers in the Lower Denburn. After serving there for four years, he entered, in 1844, the employment of Gordon, Barron & Co., who were proprietors of a large factory in the Schoolhill, at the north end of Belmont Street. Thom's life in the Schoolhill Factory was not an enviable one and to its baneful influences have been traced the subsequent errors and weaknesses of his life. In his "Recollections" Thom describes the Schoolhill factory as "a prime nursery of vice and sorrow." Besides the moral evils of the place, what he calls the "daisy portion" of weaving—when forty shillings could be earned by a skilful workman in four days—was past, and during the seven years he worked in the Schoolhill factory the earnings of first-class hands varied from 6/- to 9/- a week, second-rate workers making only from 3/- to 5/-.

The garden of Gordon's College was close to the factory, and open to the public all day. Here those of the hands who took an interest in books used to meet "and gossip over all they knew of books and the outer world." The songs of the Ettrick Shepherd and their ill-starred fellow-craftsman, Tannahill, took possession of their hearts. Thom had always an "irrepressible tendency to make verses," and his fancy was kindled by "those Song Spirits as they walked in melody from loom to loom ministering to the low-hearted." About the year 1826 he composed a song which became popular amongst his fellows, and was sung in the weaving shop. This song was subsequently sent by its author to the *Aberdeen Journal*, and he has given a graphic description of how being too poor to purchase the paper, he had to dispossess a passing boy of a copy for the time necessary to satisfy him that it was in the full glory of print.

Thom married, and soon after, in 1831, he left Aberdeen for Dundee, accompanied by his wife. Finding employment, he remained there for several years, but his wife left him and returned to Aberdeen. The cause of this separation has never been known, but the relationship of husband and wife was not again resumed, indeed, it is questionable if they ever afterwards saw or spoke to each other.

In 1837, we find Thom, the weaving trade having failed in the south, undertaking the journey on foot back to Aberdeen, accompanied by Jean of "the deep dark eye" and four children. After a year in Aberdeen, he removed with his family to Inverurie, with which his name was subsequently to become so closely associated as "the Inverurie Poet." Here Jean, the mother of his children, died. Work had once more failed, and he and his family were in a condition of poverty and distress when this loss fell upon him. Out of the period of sincere mourning and deep dejection which followed, Thom emerged a poet. It was then (1841) that No. I. of "The Blind Boy's Pranks" was composed and sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*, where it in time appeared prefixed by a sympathetic notice from the editor, Mr. Adam. The poem attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon of Knockespock, among others. This gentleman took a very kindly interest in Thom, and with the object of assisting him to secure more congenial and more lucrative employment, he addressed to him certain enquiries regarding himself, his habits, and means of living. The poet's replies to these questions, printed in the "Recollections," are interesting as shewing his tastes and manner of life and thought. Here are a few of these questions and answers—

What were you bred to? During my apprenticeship I had picked up a little reading and writing. Afterwards set about studying Latin—went so far, but was fairly defeated through want of time, etc., having the while to support my mother, who was getting frail. However, I continued to gather something of music and arithmetic, both of which I have mastered so far as to render further progress easy did I see it requisite. I play the German flute, tolerably, in general subjects, but in my native melodies, lively or pathetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing, and though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song *ought* to be.

Description of my dwelling? I occupy two trim little garrets in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built in the Market Stance of Inverury.

Means of living? Employed seven or eight months yearly in customary weaving—that is, a country weaver who wants a journeyman sends for me. During that time I earn from 10*s.* to 12*s.* a week, pay the master generally 4*s.* for my "keep," and remit the rest to my family. I eke out the blank portions of the season by going into a factory. Here the young and vigorous only can exceed 6*s.* weekly. I don't drink, as little, at anyrate, as possible. I have been vain enough to set some value on my mind, and it being all that I possess now, and the

only thing likely to put me in possession of aught afterwards, I would not willingly *drown* it.

My books? I have few of my own—pick up a loan where it can be had, so of course my reading is without choice or system. Your question with regard to religion—I believe in God, and in Christ, the Saviour of Mankind.

Mr. Gordon sent him £20 to provide himself with necessaries, and accompanied it with an invitation to visit him in London, which Thom, accompanied by his daughter, did, spending four months in Mr. Gordon's house in London. Thom was made much of in the Metropolis, and met many of the celebrities of the time. On his way home, in August and September, 1841, he was entertained both in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and at the latter gathering some fifty gentlemen, under the chairmanship of Mr. James Adam of the *Aberdeen Herald*, assembled to testify to the "high estimation in which he is held as the gifted author of 'The Blind Boy's Pranks.'"

On his return to Inverurie, Thom commenced business on his own account as a weaver, and from that time (1841) to the publication of his "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," by Smith, Elder & Co., London, which took place in 1844, has been considered the most fruitful period of his poetic life. During that time he contributed to the *Herald*, "Whistle Binkie," "The Ayrshire Wreath," and other similar publications.

"The Rhymes and Recollections" placed him immediately at the zenith of his fame. Numerous convivial gatherings were held in his honour, and his company was much sought after. At the suggestion of his friend Mr. Gordon, Thom removed to London. His intention was to prepare another and larger edition of his book, but his new mode of life, though at first promising well, proved fatal to his highest interests. His early training had not equipped him for carrying a steady head through the public fêtes and private functions held in his honour. For a time he was the lion of some of the best literary circles in the Metropolis, and was flattered and made much of wherever he went. Notwithstanding all this notice bestowed on himself, the second edition of his "Rhymes," published in 1845, was not a success financially. Presents of money, indeed, came to him from admirers in all quarters, and he was thus en-

abled to keep himself afloat, but his easy good nature caused him to become the prey of worthless persons, who, as long as he was able to keep open house in Charlotte Square, crowded about him, extolling his genius. The unhealthy excitement of this life told upon Thom's powers, and completely unfitted him for work. His friends began to desert him, displeased or disappointed with his mode of living. Recognising that his popularity was on the wane, the time was deemed opportune for venting the spite and malice which his sudden rise had engendered in some envious minds. Thom felt these attacks keenly. In 1847, when his exchequer was running low, there was published a set of doggerel verses, in one of the largely circulated London weeklies, entitled "A Farewell to London," by William Thom of Inverury. No one who knew Thom believed the verses to be his composition, and Thom himself repudiated them, but the effect of this publication was to bring his affairs to a crisis. To add to the troubles that commenced to accumulate upon him, his health, never robust, began to give way, and the cheerful and even gay spirits, habitual to him, were replaced by fits of deep dejection. At this climax in his affairs his heart turned to his native land. Deserted by those parasites who had flocked round him in the days of his prosperity, there were still a few old friends, among them Mr. John Forbes Robertson (*q.v.*) who continued to stand by him. With their assistance, supplemented by a grant from the Literary Fund, he was enabled to leave London, and take up his residence in Dundee, where he had expressed a wish to end his days. His strength continued rapidly to decline, and he found it impossible to shake off the deep despondency to which he had fallen a prey. The poetic fire had died in his breast. The last chord of that lyre, which in former days had thrilled responsive to his gifted touch, was strained to breaking. Two days before his death, a faithful old friend had called to see him in the evening, and before separating Thom took down his flute and played for the last time his old favourite tune, "The Flowers o' the Forest"—

> "I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
> I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her decay;
> Sweet was her blessing, and kind her caressing,
> But now they are fled, they are fled far away.

> Oh! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting?
> Oh! why still perplex us poor sons of a day?
> Thy frown canna fear me, thy smile canna cheer me,
> Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

As the wailing notes of his flute died away forever, did these words and "their burden of sorrow" find an echo in the poet's breast?

Unable to write or read without pain, he was seized with a desire to write a poem on the strangely sad story of his life. Furnished with a clean sheet of paper, he was placed in a seat beside the window. Slowly and with great effort he began:—

> "Misery and hardship were all his days:
> Gladness and hardship measured in his last."

Reluctantly he laid down the pen and wrote no more. On the 29th of February, 1848, he was dead, and on the 3rd of March his remains were interred in the Western Cemetery of Dundee, with the circumstance of a public funeral.

Much has been said and written as to Thom's place among Scottish poets, and, although, on that subject exaggerated ideas were expressed on occasions by some of his friends, who, with more generosity than sound judgment, did not scruple to place him alongside the greatest, there can be no doubt he ranks among the foremost of our minor poets. His was a master-hand, that used no laboured phrase to clothe his sentiments in verse. With a few rapid touches, simple and direct, he created in the minds of his readers the fitting impression. In its suggestiveness, its sweetness and simplicity, are to be found the best qualities of his work. His is the lowly muse which sits singing softly in the minor key the songs of humble life, and homely joys and sorrows, but clothed in melody of such exquisite sweetness and charm as to take complete possession of our hearts.

As for the failures and short-comings of his character, these cannot be palliated or condoned. Against them must be set his great affection for the "soul-winning Jean," his tenderness for his children, his faithfulness as a friend, and as regards the rest, remember his want of education, the lack of moral training in his youth, the hard experiences of his life—and the dust of which he was made.

ARCHIBALD INGLIS WATSON.

Born in Portsoy, on 12th October, 1818, Watson afterwards removed to Aberdeen, where he became apprenticed to a tailor. Circumstances, greatly to his own satisfaction, soon relieved him of this employment, and after assisting in his step-father's business of a dealer in second-hand wares, he commenced business on his own account at the age of nineteen as a book and periodical vendor in a small way. Subsequently, he entered the service of Mr. Edmond, bookbinder, being engaged in collating the books and preparing them for the binders, but after some years in that employment, he resumed his business of bookselling. He will be remembered by many on account of the singularity of his appearance, and the eccentricity of his manners. For several years he kept a small shop at the foot of the Shiprow. It was opened by him irregularly, and was a marvel of dust and chaotic confusion, there being no attempt at any arrangement of the stock. Nor was any trouble taken by him to find a book if it did not come immediately to his hand. He knew he had the item asked for somewhere, couldn't find it just then, would look it out, and troubled himself no more.

Watson wrote a good deal of poetry in his younger days, being a contributor to *Whistle Binkie*, *The Aberdeen Shaver*, *Lloyd's Penny Times*, *Bradshaw's Journal*, etc.

He wrote little, if anything, in his later life. He had, unfortunately, formed the opium habit, which did not, in his case, as in De Quincey's, give a fillip to his fancy.

He died at Aberdeen on 11th July, 1889.

ALEXANDER WILSON

(A. STEPHEN WILSON).

Born in the parish of Rayne, in Aberdeenshire, where his father was a farmer, he was educated at the parish school. He early shewed a taste for literature and metaphysics. At the age of 17 or 18 he edited and contributed largely to a magazine emanating from Rayne, devoted to the discussion

of speculative questions. This venture had a somewhat short-lived existence.

Mr. Wilson was trained to the profession of land surveyor and civil engineer. On his marriage to the heiress of North Kinmundy, he added her name of Stephen to his own, and became Mr. Stephen Wilson, a name which he very prominently indentified with agricultural research in the North.

He was a man of a remarkable thoroughness of purpose. In his scientific investigations he took nothing on trust, but spent himself ungrudgingly in the search for truth. His well-known treatise entitled "A Bushel of Corn," published in 1883, took him 16 years in its preparation. In recognition of the value of this work he was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society.

As an instance of his enthusiasm in the pursuit of truth, it is recorded of him that he consumed quantities of the ergot of grasses in order to prove the truth of his theory that the parasite was non-poisonous. He was a recognised authority on botanical matters, and is the author of a work on "The Botany of Three Historical Records," published in 1878. Of a strongly metaphysical bent of mind he wrote largely on speculative questions, among his published works being "The Unity of Matter" and "Creation the Work of To-day," to which may be added "A Creed of To-morrow," in which he set out an advanced creed in poetical form.

He wrote and published a great deal of poetry, but as it was unfortunately either of a didactic or somewhat sentimental order, most of it did not do justice to the talent for versification he undoubtedly possessed. In 1884, he published a volume of "Songs and Poems," which embraced a series of clever botanical skits. In 1888 was published a lengthy poem entitled "The Lyric of a Hopeless Love," and two or three years before his death, which took place on 16th November, 1893, he published another volume of "Songs and Poems," some of which have been set to music.

Personally Mr. Wilson was of an exceedingly shy and reserved disposition, but in his relations with others he was of a kind and considerate nature.

COPY OF THE PRESS NOTICE

OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE LINTIE," TAKEN FROM THE "ABERDEEN HERALD" OF 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1854.

THE ABERDEENSHIRE LINTIE.—A Collection of Poems and Songs by various Authors connected with Aberdeenshire. Compiled by THOMAS C. WATSON. Aberdeen: John Avery.

"To begin praising this Collection would only be, in homely phrase, "blawin' oor ain horn," as most of the pieces which compose the neat and well got up volume appeared originally in *The Herald.* We cannot, however, but say that the selection, if not extensive, is very judicious, including some of the best efforts of Alexander Robb, 'W. A.,' 'W. C.,' 'W. H.,' 'G. G.,' and other well known signatures. Although the compiler in his preface repudiates every mercenary motive, we nevertheless trust the sale of his work may be such as induce him to enter into a second edition, into which he may introduce some of the poems of John Imlah and others, whose writings are so redolent of Aberdeen that the song of no Aberdeenshire Lintie could be complete without introducing their notes in its warblings."

William Smith & Sons, 18 Union Terrace, Aberdeen.